



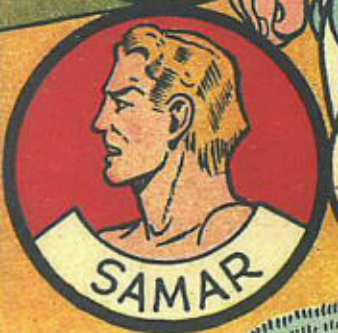
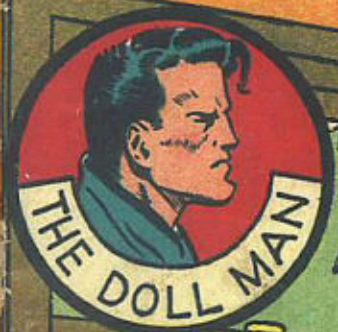
FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

DECEMBER

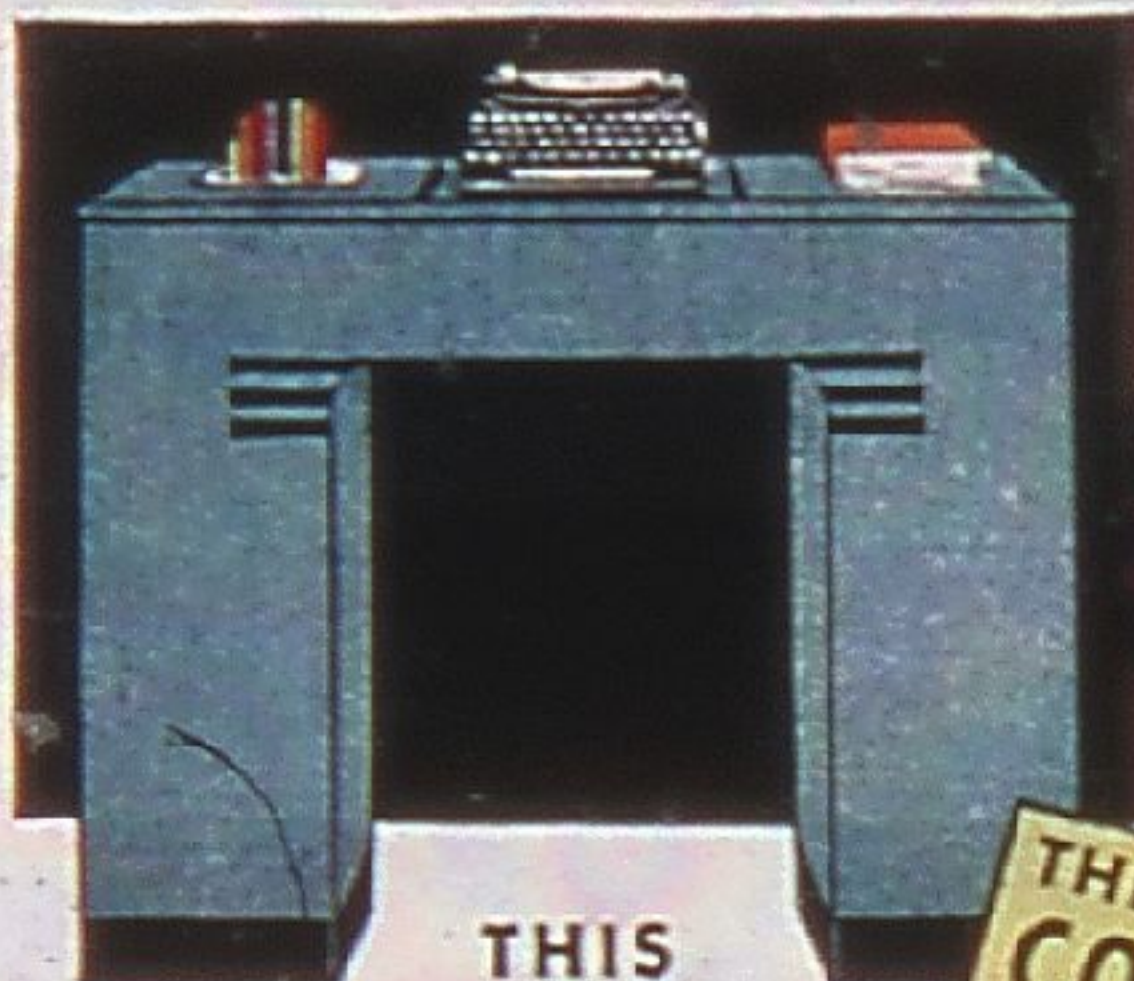
BUT VINCENT—
BURGLARS COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN HERE--
I LOCKED THE
DOOR!



NO. 39 10¢
15¢ IN CANADA



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



ACT NOW!
ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK** FOR **\$1.00**
ONLY

WITH ANY
REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fiber board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU
LEARN TYPING FREE**

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 8.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide; black key cards and white letters; rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 100-11
400 Washington St., Boston, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

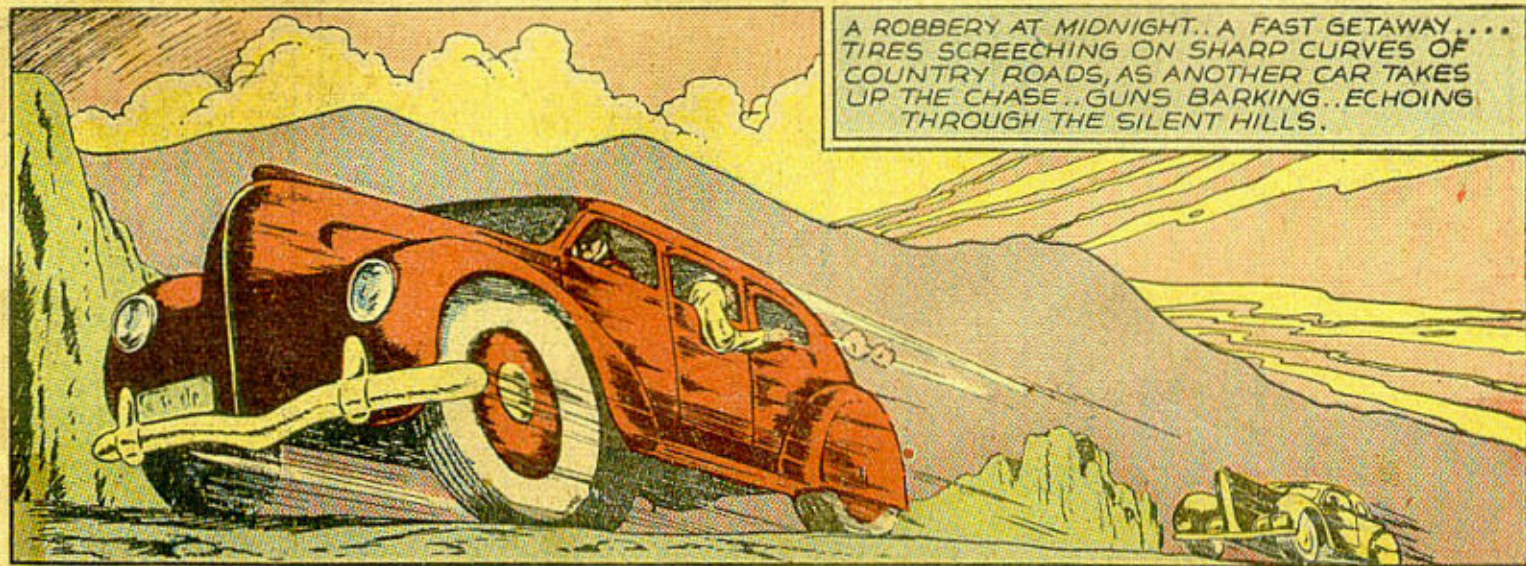
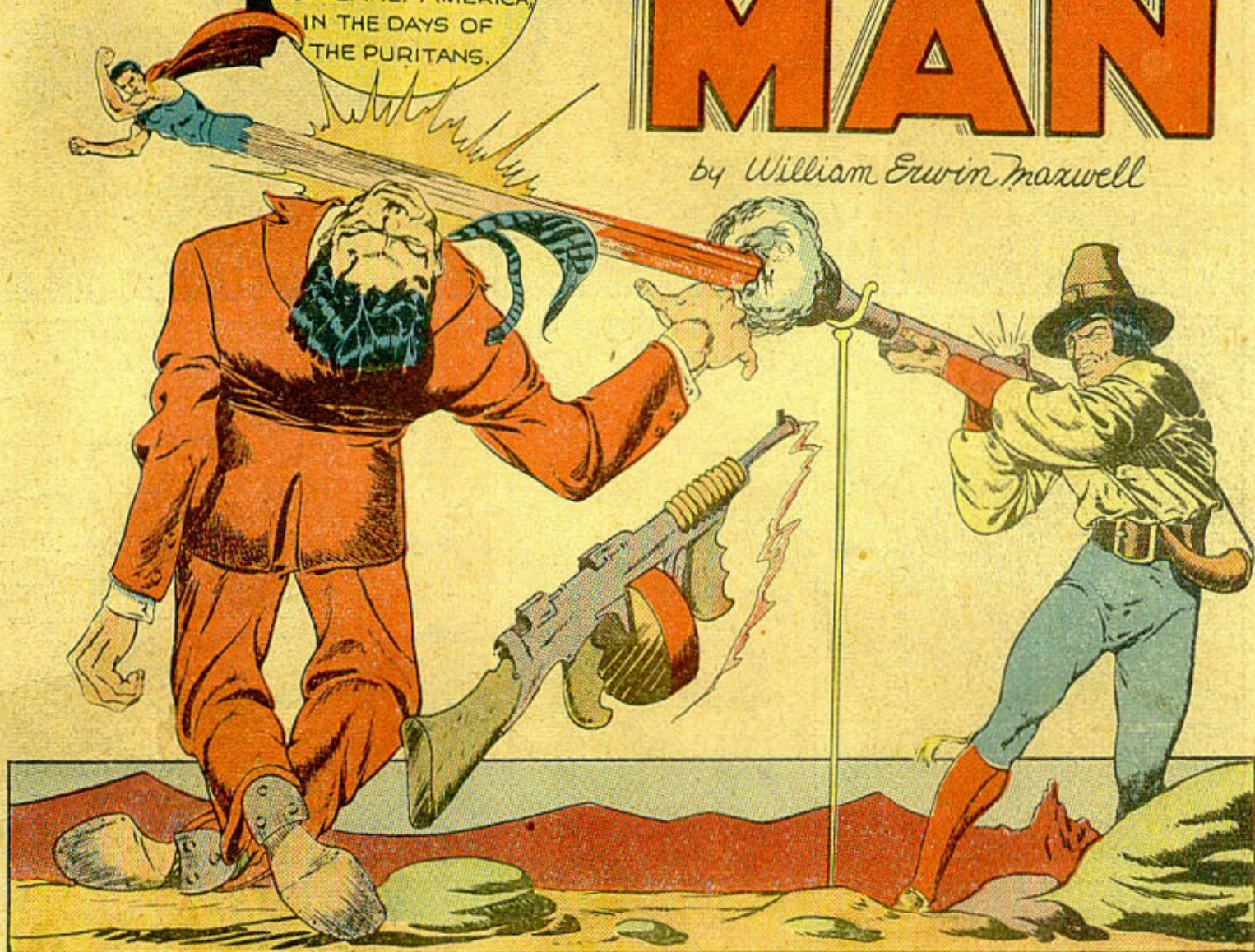
City..... State.....

The

DOLL MAN

DARREL
DANE, THE DOLL
MAN, FINDS AN
ADVENTURE IN A
FORGOTTEN WORLD
OF EARLY AMERICA
IN THE DAYS OF
THE PURITANS.

by William Erwin Maxwell



A ROBBERY AT MIDNIGHT... A FAST GETAWAY...
TIRES SCREECHING ON SHARP CURVES OF
COUNTRY ROADS, AS ANOTHER CAR TAKES
UP THE CHASE... GUNS BARKING... ECHOING
THROUGH THE SILENT HILLS.

THE GANGSTERS AND PURSUERS RIP WILDLY UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.



YOU'RE MAD, DARREL! IF WE DO CATCH THOSE THUGS, WHAT THEN? WE HAVE NO GUNS.

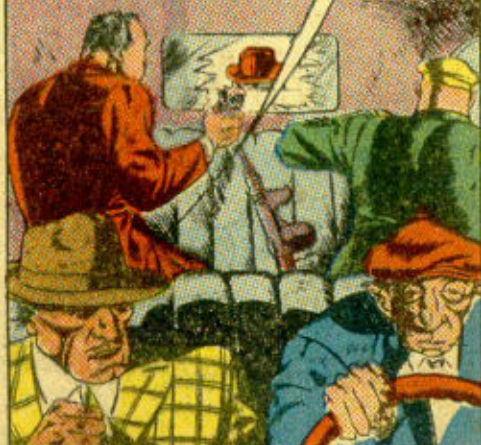
YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING THE DOLL MAN, ARE YOU, PROFESSOR?



IN THE THUGS' CAR.

WE CAN'T SHAKE THOSE BIRDS, BOSS!

HIT THE TIRES, YOU DOPE!



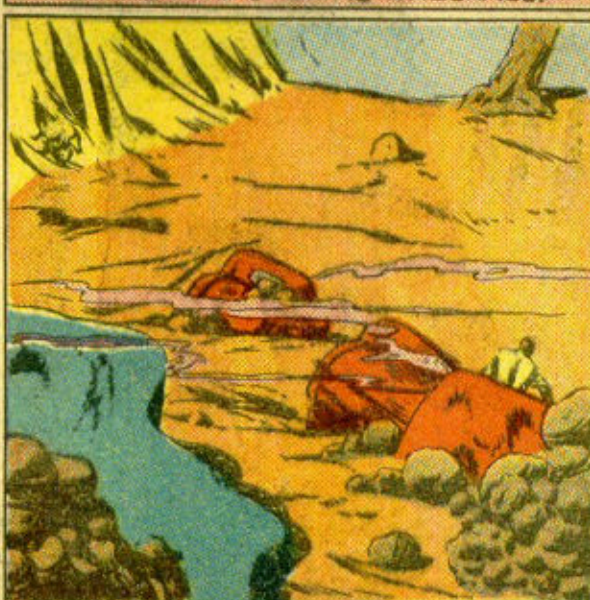
SUDDENLY..



LOOK OUT!



THE AVALANCHE SENDS BOTH CARS CRASHING INTO SMOKING WRECKAGE.



THE CROOKS CLIMB OUT.



THE MONEY'S IN THERE WITH JOE.. HE'S DEAD!

WE GOTTA LEAVE 'EM! THE COPS'LL BE HERE!



COME ON!

BUT WE'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE, ON THIS ROAD!

HEY, LOOK! A CAVE.. WE CAN HIDE TILL THE HEAT IS OFF!

HURRIEDLY, THE THUGS SEEK THE ROCKY SHELTER.



THEY FIND NOT A CAVE, BUT A
LONG, DARK TUNNEL.



HEY, WHERE WE GOIN'?
AIN'T THERE NO
BOTTOM TA THIS
PLACE?



SUDDENLY THE LEADER, 'SLIM',
STOPS SHORT, AMAZED AT
WHAT HE SEES.

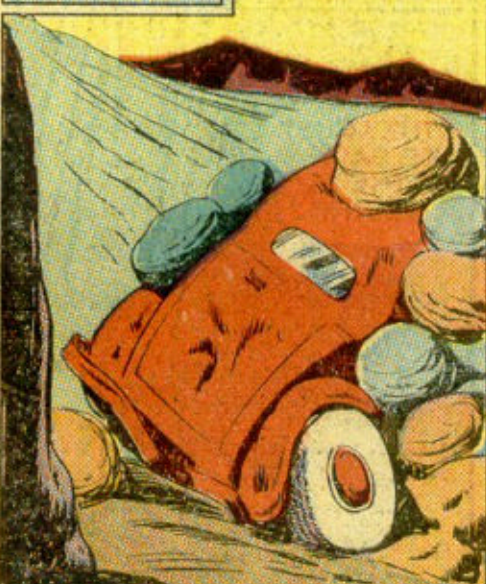


AM I DREAMING?
NO, I CAN'T BE,
I GOT INSOMNIA!

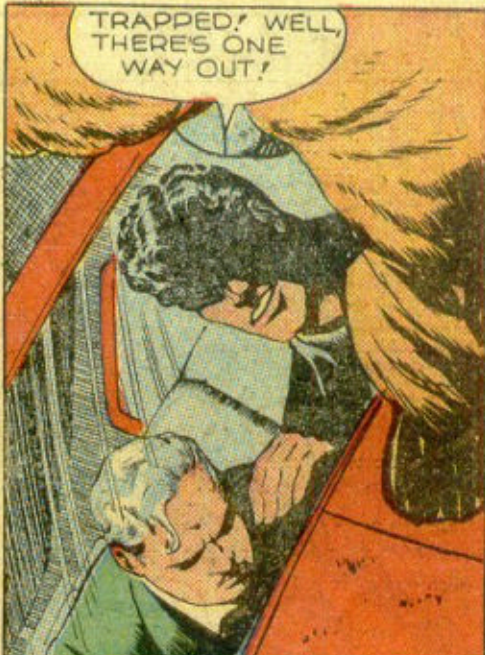
WE SHOULD
TAKEN OUR
CHANCES WITH
THE COPS!



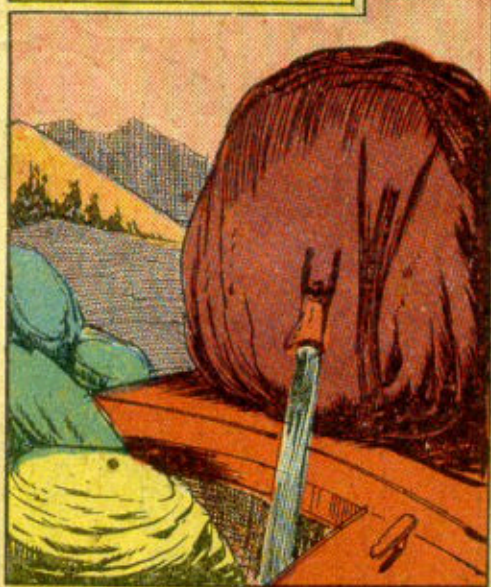
MEANWHILE, SOUNDS OF LIFE
COME FROM DARREL DANE'S
BURIED CAR.



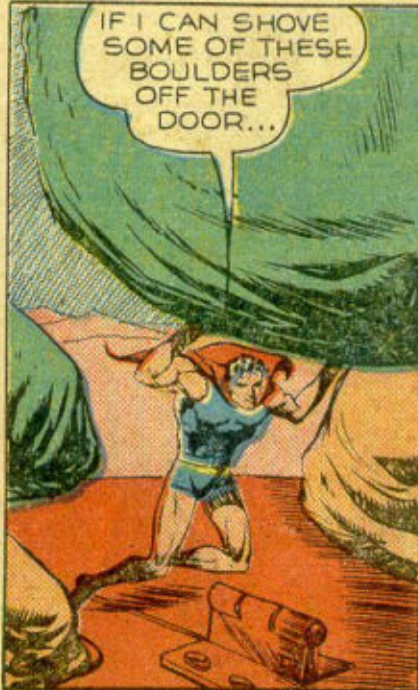
TRAPPED! WELL,
THERE'S ONE
WAY OUT!



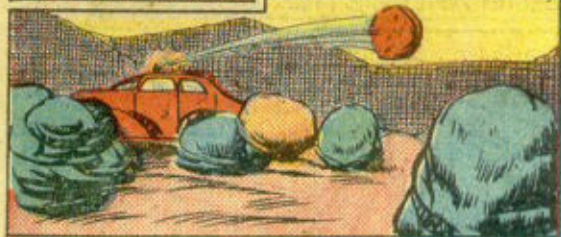
TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO
THE AMAZING LITTLE FIGURE
OF THE DOLL MAN, HE SHOOTS
OUT OF THE WINDOW.



IF I CAN SHOVE
SOME OF THESE
BOULDERS
OFF THE
DOOR...



SOON THE CAR EMERGES FROM ITS
STONY GRAVE.



COME ON,
PROFESSOR.
TIME TO GET
UP!





ONCE MORE THE DOLL MAN APPEARS IN PLACE OF DANE.



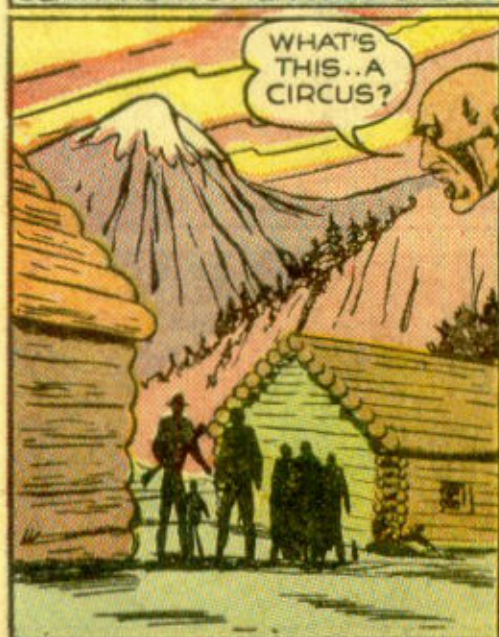
TEN MILES UP THE ROAD.



THAT'S RIGHT...I PASSED A CAVE...I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THEY'D SLIP IN THERE!



MEANWHILE...THIS IS WHAT SUM AND HIS MEN HAVE SEEN.

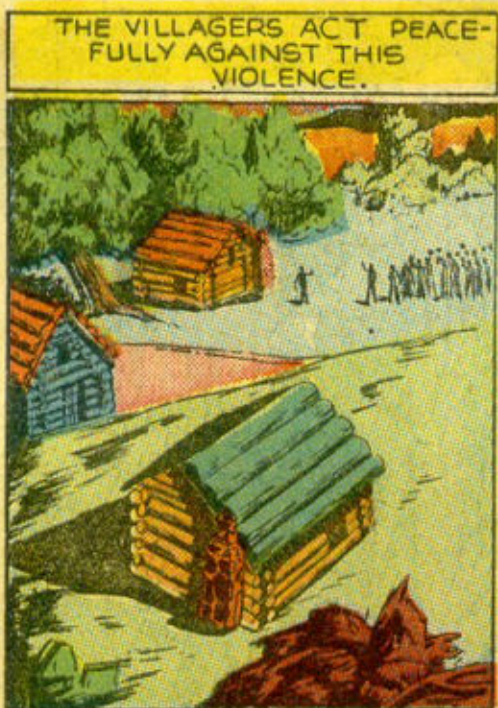


WHITHER GOEST THOU, STRANGER?

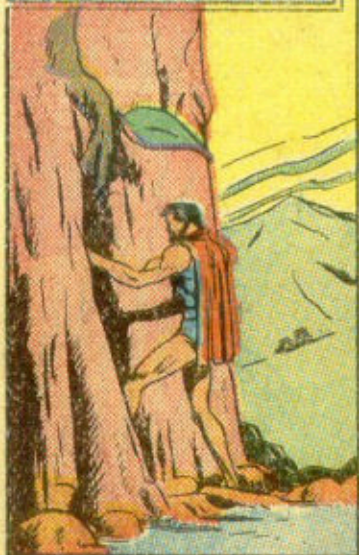


HA HA /A MERRY DEVIL! BUT WHAT STRANGE ATTIRE?





BEYOND THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY, THE DOLL MAN FINDS A SMALL ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL...



HE FOLLOWS SWIFTLY THROUGH...



AND COMES UPON THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT...



AMAZING! THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T CHANGED THEIR WAY OF LIVING FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



THEY'RE CARRYING ALL THE GOLD INTO THAT HOUSE.. STRANGE!



SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG HERE.. THAT YOUNG PRICILLA IS WEeping!



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO A SACK OF GOLD AND JEWELRY THAT THE GIRL IS CARRYING.



AH! SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO OBEY THE MEN FROM THE NEW WORLD! NOW



... A KISS?

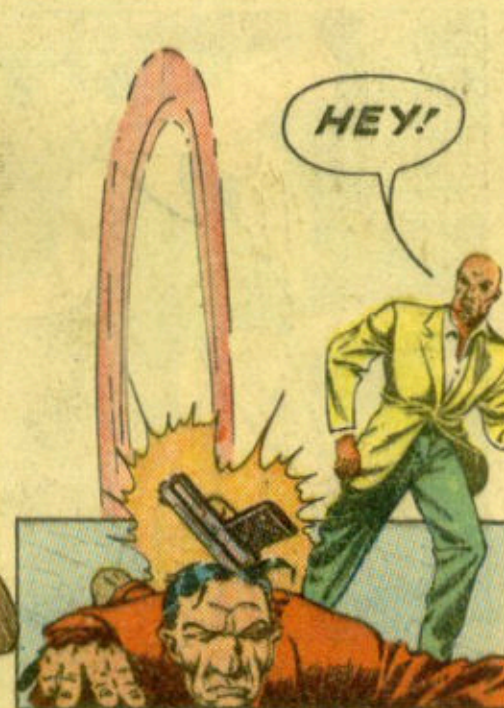


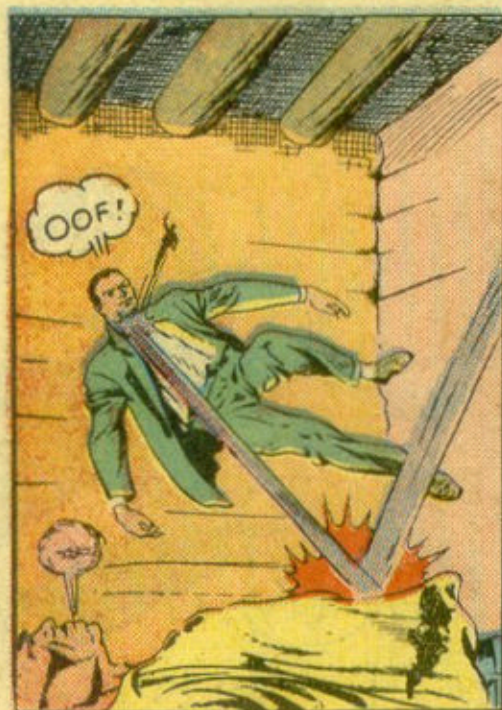
THE VILLAGER IN THE GANGSTERS' PAY, QUICKLY LEARNED THEIR EVIL WAYS.

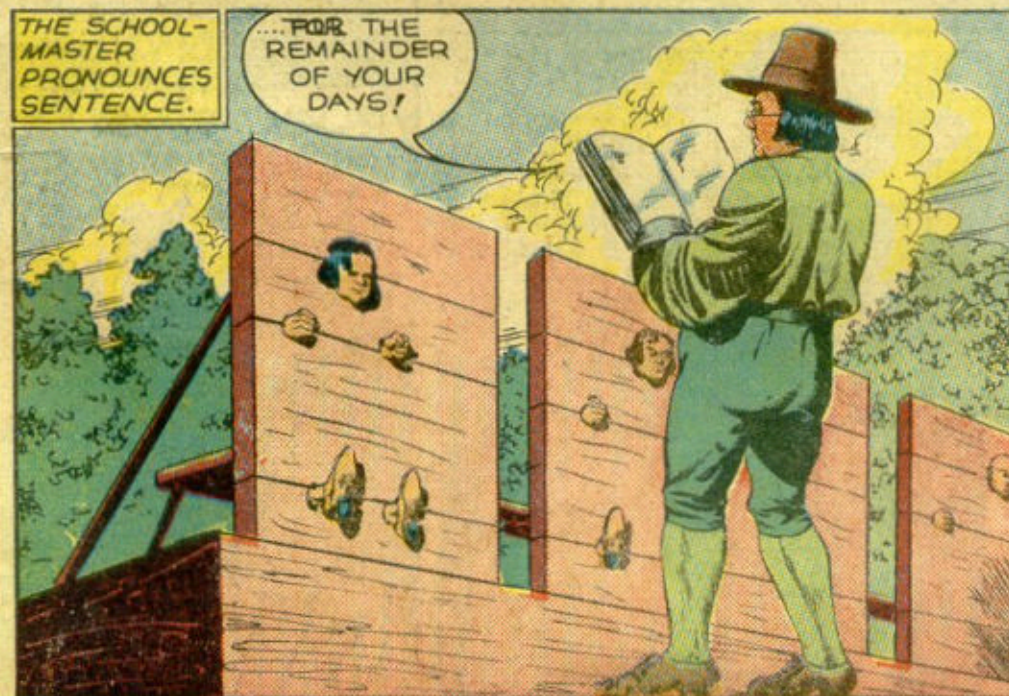
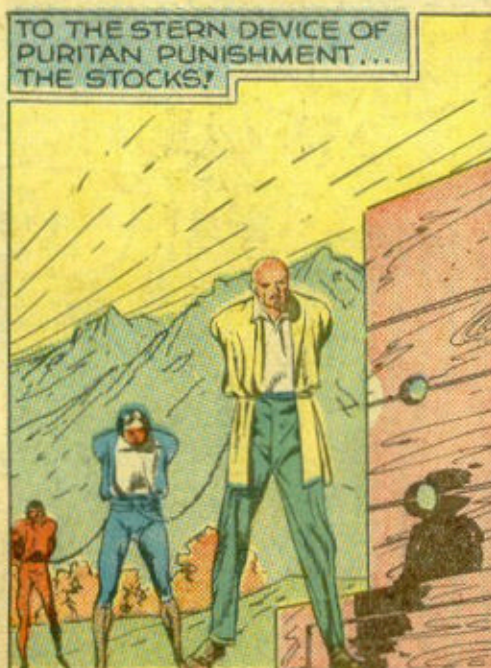
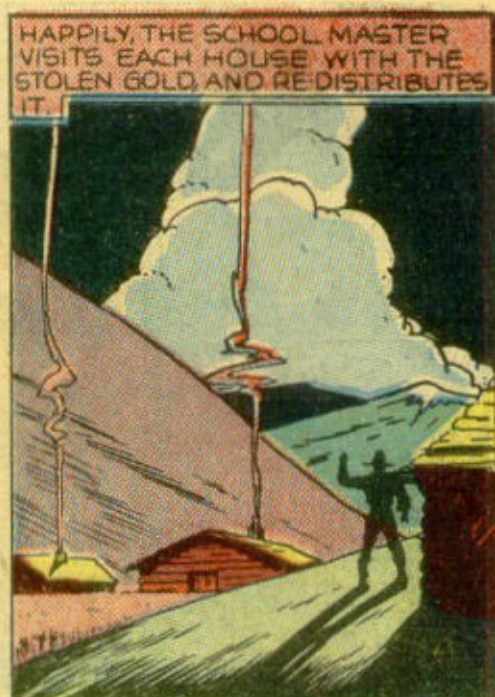


SUDDENLY...









RANCE KEANE

By... *Will Arthur*

HARVEY TOPPING'S TWIN BROTHER TRIED TO SILK HARVEY OUT OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE WHEN RANCE KEANE BALKED THE PLOT.... SEEKING A WAY TO REWARD HIS FRIEND RANCE, WITHOUT INSULTING HIM, HARVEY INVITES RANCE ON A "TREASURE" EXPEDITION HE'S FINANCING.... THE SCENE NOW, COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK CITY.....

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL SCHEME, HARVEY! OF COURSE I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!

AS TOPPING PASSES A BLIND MAN IN THE CIRCLE HE SHELLS OUT A DOLLAR, AND SLIPS IT INTO THE CUP.....

GOSH 'ALL HAY HOOKS, IF TOPPING CAN AFFORD T'GIVE A BLIND JASPER THAT MUCH, HE CAN TAKE ME ON THIS TRIP TOO, CAN'T HE?

I'M SURE HE MEANS FOR YOU TO GO ALONG, PEE WEE... ISN'T THAT GIRL OVER THERE GOOD LOOKING!?

SHE WAS KINDA PRETTY, BUT TOUGH TOO, DON'TCHA THINK?

THAT'S THE MAN, HARVEY TOPPING. I TOLD YOU ABOUT. FOLLOW HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SOL, IT'S NOT FAIR TO MAKE ME.....

YOU FOLLOW TOPPING AND GET WHAT I TOLD YOU, OR I'LL.....

OOOW!... SOL! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARVEY TOPPING'S SWANKY HOTEL.....

I'VE HAD A CHART EXPERT CHECK MY MAP AND HE SAYS IT LOOKS GENUINE. I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU UP IN MY LIVING ROOM.

WE USED TO HAVE TREASURE HUNTS OUT WEST WHEN I WAS A KID. NEVER FOUND NOTHING BUT SACKS FULLA CANDY, THOUGH.

WE FLY TO THIS POINT, BUT FROM THERE WE TRAVEL BY BOAT OR WE'D MISS THE CLUES.

IT'S ON AN ISLAND, AIN'T IT? I NEVER BEEN ON AN ISLAND IN MY LIFE!

SURE YOU HAVE, PEE WEE. NEW YORK CITY'S AN ISLAND, AND YOU... WHO IS THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?

WHEN HARVEY TOPPING OPENS THE DOOR, THERE'S A STRANGE GIRL THERE....

OH, MR. TOPPING, I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR NOT PHONING FROM THE LOBBY, BUT... BUT... I DIDN'T DARE!

WELL... COME IN.

THE STRANGE GIRL BABBLES AN INCOHERENT STORY ABOUT A MAN WHO'S BEEN SHADOWING HER. SHE PLEADS WITH TOPPING TO SAVE HER...

BUT MY DEAR GIRL, THAT'S A MATTER FOR THE POLICE. I'M SURE THEY'D PROTECT YOU.

ALL RIGHT, MR. TOPPING, IF YOU SAY SO, I'LL TRUST YOU TO ADVISE ME TO DO THE RIGHT THING!



BUT AFTER SHE LEAVES.....

HARVEY! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... NOT TO WATCH HER CLOSER!... THAT GIRL'S MADE OFF WITH HALF YOUR TREASURE MAP!

WHAT!

WHEW! IS SHE SLICK!



GO DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR, PEE WEE, AND CATCH HER AT THE BOTTOM. I SAW HER DUCK IN HERE!

OKEYDOKEY, RANCE. I'D RATHER RIDE ANYWAY!



RANCE PLUMMETS DOWN THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME. THE GIRL WATCHES PEE WEE AND TOPPING RIDE DOWN, THEN WITH GREAT DARING, SHE STEPS ONTO THE NEXT CAR, RIDES TO THE BASEMENT AND SLIPS OUT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE.....

SHE MUST'VE GOT AWAY. SHE DIDN'T COME THROUGH THE LOBBY!

AND SHE WASN'T ON THE STAIRS... WAIT A MINUTE! SHE'S THE SAME GIRL WE SAW AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE! COME ON... I'VE A HUNCH!



MEANWHILE, THE GIRL RETURNS TO THE BLIND MAN'S CORNER...

HERE'S AS MUCH OF THE MAP AS I COULD GRAB. NOW WILL YOU FREE ME, YOU FIEND!

YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'LL GET CAUGHT HANGING AROUND ME! LAY LOW TILL I PHONE YOU... NOW, SCRAM!



YOU WAS RIGHT, RANCE! THERE SHE GOES INTO THE PARK!

AFTER HER!



BUT THE GIRL RUNS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK LIKE A DEER.

KEEP AFTER HER, PEE WEE! MAYBE I CAN HEAD HER OFF THIS WAY!

MIGOSH, RANCE! SHE'S QUICKER'N GREASY LIGHTNING!



I GOTCHA! HERE, NOW! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!



AT THE POLICE STATION THE GIRL GIVES HER NAME AS CANDIDA KANE... RANCE KEANE HAS HER HELD ON SUSPICION.....

TAXI!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAD THE KANE GIRL HELD WHEN THE POLICE MATRON DIDN'T FIND THE CHART ON HER, RANCE.....

I HAD HER HELD IN JAIL BECAUSE I BELIEVE SHE'S INNOCENT, HARVEY.

ARE YOU PLUMB LOCO? SHE ROBBED US RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR NOSE, RANCE!

BUT SHE'S INNOCENT, JUST THE SAME. SHE WAS SCARED TO DEATH TO TALK! AND WHY?... BECAUSE IF SHE DID, THE PERSON WHO PUT HER UP TO THE JOB WOULD "GET" HER... MAYBE KILL HER!..... THAT'S THE PERSON I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON!

AT THE HOTEL DESK HARVEY TOPPING RECEIVES A STRANGE NOTE...

THE "EYE," HUH? VERY INTERESTING!

Mr. JOTT
Come alone at one a.m. to the warehouse at the corner West and 3rd Street. Bring the other half of the map. DEATH if you don't! The Eye

SHALL I GO, RANCE?

YES! WE'LL FIX UP A WELCOMING PARTY FOR THE "EYE"... THIS SHOULD BE GOOD SPORT!

SPORT, HE CALLS IT...AND WE ALL MAY BE DEADDER'N HERRING IN THE MORNING!

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, RANCE AND HIS FRIEND PEE WEE LEE HEAD FOR THE WAREHOUSE.....

NOBODY BUT THAT BLIND GUY HAS GONE BY THE PLACE FOR A HALF HOUR, RANCE. IT OUGHTA BE SAFE ENOUGH.

O.K., PEE WEE. WE'LL TRY ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS... LET'S GO!

HOLD STILL, PEE WEE! YOU'RE SHAKING SO HARD I CAN HARDLY HANG ON TO THIS WINDOW LEDGE! YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU?

WHY NO, I AIN'T SCARED, RANCE! IT'S ER... IT'S MY TEETH. IT'S SO COLD NIGHTS, I CAN'T KEEP 'EM FROM CHATTERING!

RANCE GIVES PEE WEE A HAND UP... BUT JUST AS RANCE LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE FLOOR INSIDE, THERE'S A SWISH... A THUD... AND RANCE SEES NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE STARS!

RANCE!

LEAPING BRAVELY INTO THE DARK, PEE WEE FLAILS ABOUT HIM WITH HIS FISTS... AND STRIKES NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR... A SECOND LATER THE STREET DOOR OPENS AND A MAN DASHES OUT...



NEXT MORNING, AT HARVEY TOPPING'S HOTEL

THERE WAS NO USE WAITING AROUND AFTER YOU GOT BEANED, RANCE.

WHAT BEATS ME, IS HOW THERE IS SOMETHING GOT AROUND SO FAST IN THAT DARK WAREHOUSE! SAY! I'VE GOT IT!

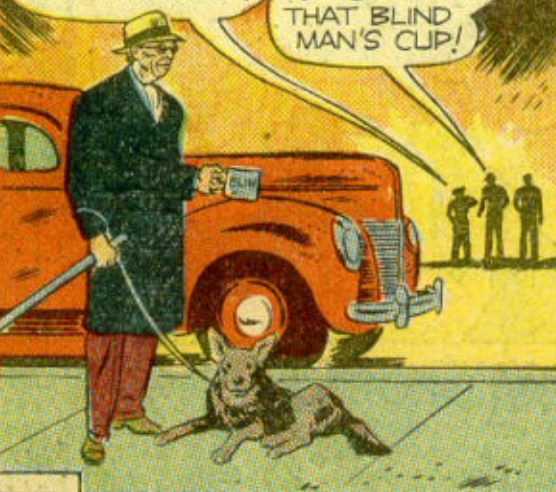


GOT WHAT...A HEADACHE? NO, CHUMP! I KNOW HOW HE GOT AROUND IN THE DARK, HOW HE KNEW WE WERE THERE, HOW HE SPIED ON HARVEY ALL THE TIME, HOW THAT GIRL GOT RID OF THE CHART SO FAST... COME ON! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

DOWN THE STREET THEY GO AND UP TO THE CORNER....

PHOOEY! THIS BILL SMELLS LIKE IT WAS SOAKED IN CLEANING FLUID!

IT HAS BEEN.... **INFLAMMABLE** CLEANING FLUID... AND I WANT YOU TO TOSS IT IN THAT BLIND MAN'S CUP!



PEE WEE DOES AS HE'S TOLD.... FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, RANCE TOSSES A LIT MATCH INTO THE CUP AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!!

LOOK OUT, YOU LUNATIC! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, BURN ME UP?

WELL, YOU CAN HOG-TIE ME AND ALL MY KIDS. THE GUY AIN'T BLIND AT ALL!



WHEN THE "BLIND MAN" TRIES TO PULL A GUN.....

GRAB THAT DOG, PEE WEE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS HOT MONEY ARTIST!



AT THE POLICE STATION, RANCE CONFRONTS THE "BLIND MAN" WITH THE GIRL.....

YOU CAN SPEAK SAFELY NOW, MISS KANE. THIS CROOK IS DUE FOR A LONG STRETCH IN THE "PEN."

HE MADE ME STEAL THAT CHART OF MR. TOPPING'S! I KNOW WHERE HE HAS IT HIDDEN TOO!

WHY YOU...



THE "BLIND MAN" SAFELY JAILED, CANDIDA KANE TAKES OUR FRIENDS TO THE BLIND MAN'S ROOM, WHERE THEY FIND THE CHART....

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MISS KANE. YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL TO HELP US AS YOU DID!

WHY DON'T YOU CUT HER IN FOR MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE WHEN WE FIND IT, HARVEY!

FAIR ENOUGH, OR IS IT?

OH, THANK YOU...THANK YOU SO MUCH!



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

STAND BACK,
NIPPIE—HE SLINGS
HIS BAT WHEN
HE HITS!

DON'T
WORRY
—I'LL
DODGE!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE
PHIL IS SEEIN'
THE WORLD'S
FAIR TODAY,
EH, MICKEY
?

YEAH—WITH
MR. CLANCY
AND MR.
HOULIHAN—
I GOT HIM A PASS
—SO HE'LL SEE A
LOT OF THINGS
FREE!



AW—DON'T TAKE
A WHEELCHAIR,
PHIL... LET'S
WALK AROUND
TOGETHER!

NOPE—THIS
IS EASIER!
I'LL SEE YA
AT TH' LAGOON
OF NATIONS AT
THREE O'CLOCK!



THAT'S THE
COMMUNICATIONS
BUILDING ON
YOUR RIGHT,
SIR...

A VERY
IMPOSING
STRUCTURE,
I'D SAY!



THERE'S A MILLION
DOLLARS WORTH
OF ART IN THAT
BUILDING... I'LL
WAIT IF YOU WISH
TO SEE IT...

NO... I'VE
SEEN ALL
THE OLD
MASTERS
ON MY
TRIPS TO
EUROPE!



THE AMUSEMENT
AREA IS AWAY
OVER ON THE
OTHER SIDE... DO
YOU WISH TO SEE
THAT
TOO?

OF COURSE
... I DO
THINGS
UP RIGHT!
JUST
KEEP
PUSHIN',
BUD!



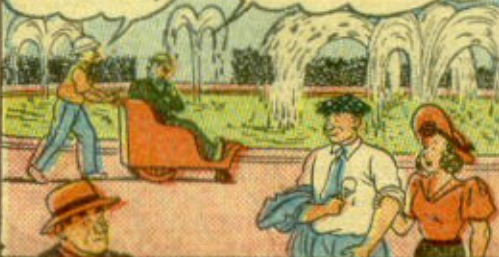
YOU'VE SEEN
ABOUT
EVERYTHING
NOW, SIR!

VERY WELL...
YOU MAY PUSH
ME BACK TO
WHERE I'M
GOING TO MEET
MY FRIENDS!



HERE YOU
ARE, SIR---
THE
LAGOON
OF NATIONS!

THANKS VERY
MUCH... AND I
GUESS YOU'LL
WANTA SEE
MY PASS NOW?



SAY—THIS PASS
AIN'T NO GOOD ON
THESE WHEEL-
CHAIRS, MISTER!
YOU OWE ME
\$3.00

WHAT?!!
YOU'LL
GET NO
THREE
BUCKS
FROM
ME!!



LISTEN, SKINFLINT!!
YOU'LL GIVE ME
MY THREE
BUCKS--OR
ELSE!!

OR
ELSE
WHAT?!!



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

BUT, NIPPIE -
D'YA THINK
YOU CAN SING
GOOD ENOUGH
TO BE IN THE
GLEE CLUB?

SAY - I'LL
BE IN
ALRIGHT,
WHEN THE
TEACHER
HEARS
ME!



WAIT - STOP,
CHILDREN...
STOP!!



MICKEY FINN

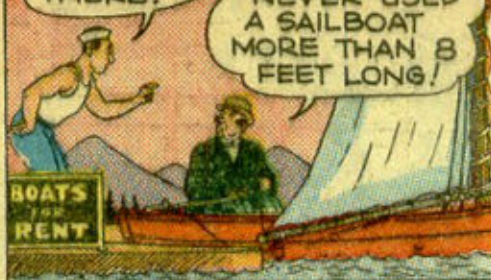
By LANK LEONARD

MICHAEL - DO
YOU AN' TOM
WANTA SAIL
ON THE LAKE?
I'M GONNA
RENT A
BOAT...

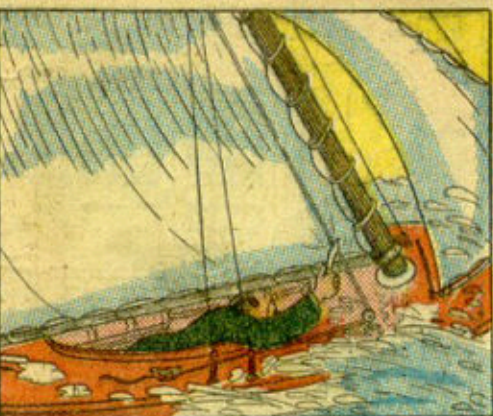
NO THANKS,
UNCLE PHIL...
WE'RE GOIN'
FOR A NICE
HIKE INTO
THE MOUNTAINS



ARE YOU SURE
YOU CAN SAIL
HER, MISTER?
IT'S KINDA
WINDY OUT
THERE.



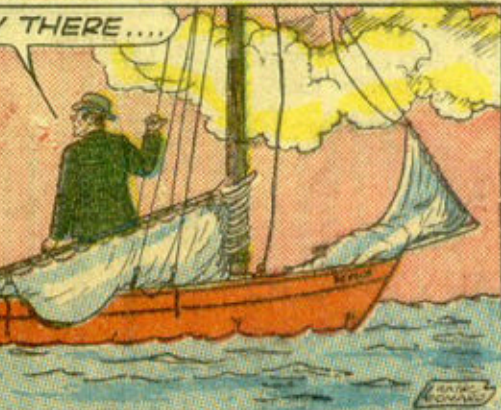
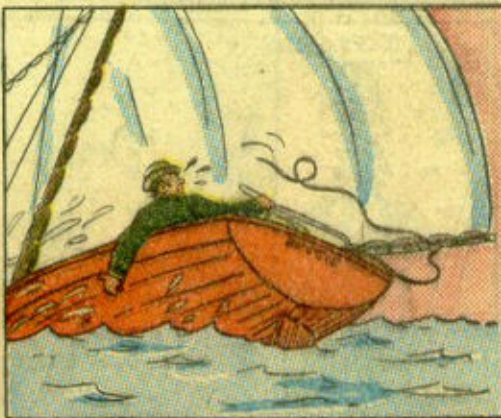
LISTEN, BUD..
I'VE SAILED
AROUND THE
WORLD MANY
TIMES, AND I
NEVER USED
A SAILBOAT
MORE THAN 8
FEET LONG!



WOW! THIS HIKE IS KILLIN'
ME, MICKEY... IF WE'D HAVE
GONE SAILIN' WITH YOUR
UNCLE WE'D BEEN SMART...
AN' WE WOULDN'T BE TRYIN'
TO THUMB A RIDE
LIKE THIS!



HEY THERE....

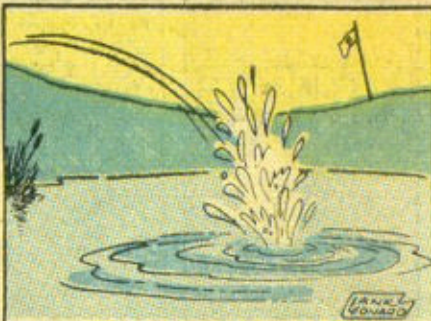


NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

DON'T TRY TO
KNOCK YOUR BEST
BALL ACROSS THAT
POND, NIPPIE...USE
AN OLD BALL!

AW--
I
WON'T
LOSE
IT IN
THERE

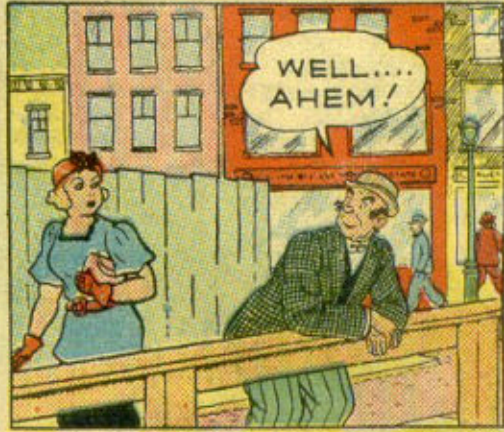
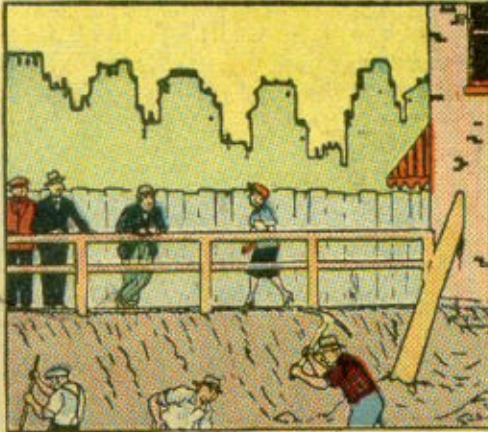


MICKEY FINN

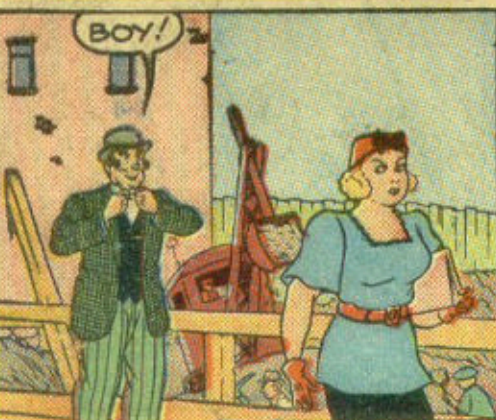
By LANK LEONARD

DID YOUR UNCLE
PHIL REALLY
PROMISE YOU
THAT HE'D STAY
OUT OF CLANCY'S
TAVERN, MICHAEL?

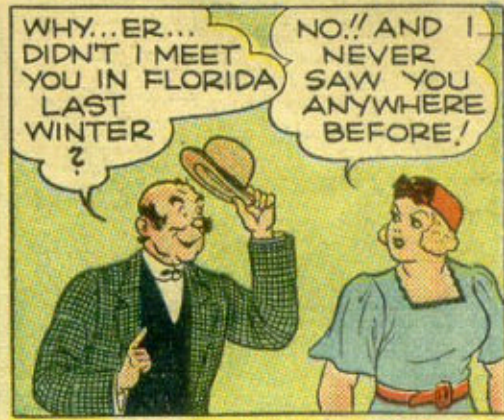
YES--I
SHOWED
HIM THAT
HE ALWAYS
GETS IN
TROUBLE
THERE,
MA!



WELL....
AHEM!



BOY!



WHY...ER...
DIDN'T I MEET
YOU IN FLORIDA
LAST
WINTER
?

NO!! AND I
NEVER
SAW YOU
ANYWHERE
BEFORE!



WELL NOW--
THAT'S NO
REASON WE
CAN'T BE FRIENDS,
IS IT?

OH...SO YOU
WANTA
BE REAL
FRIENDLY,
EH?



SURE! WHAT
D'YA SAY IF
WE TAKE IN
A MOVIE,
HUH?

WELL--FIRST
I WANT TO
STOP IN A
PLACE DOWN
HERE TO SEE A
FRIEND....



?



YEAH...YEAH, MICKEY.. HE
FLIRTED WITH A POLICEWOMAN
AN' THEY GOT HIM HERE....
YOU BETTER
GET RIGHT
DOWN!!



A MASHER, EH?
WELL-- TEN
DOLLARS, OR
TEN DAYS!!



GEE--MAYBE YOU'RE
BETTER OFF IN THERE
AFTER ALL... BUT
DON'T BE LATE FOR
SUPPER!

CLANCY

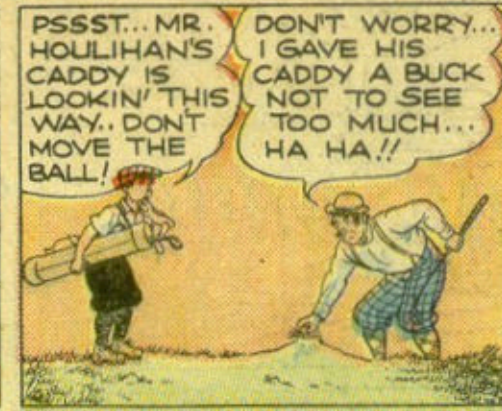
NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 22nd.

DUSTY DANE

GENERAL YIN, A BOATLOAD OF ARMS WILL ATTEMPT TO RUN OUR ENEMY'S BLOCKADE INTO CHINA NEXT WEEK!

GOOD! WE NEED THAT WAR MATERIAL BADLY!

SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC A STORM-BATTERED FREIGHTER WALLOWS THROUGH THE SWELLS

THAT BLASTED STORM SLOWED US UP, BUT WE MUST MAKE PORT BEFORE THE INVADER PATROL SPOTS US!

老子老子

CAPTAIN GALT! SMALL BOAT TO STARBOARD!

OFF THEIR COURSE, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN ARE RIDING OUT THE STORM, WITH FOOD AND WATER ALMOST GONE...

THE FREIGHTER LOOMS ALONGSIDE

AHOY! HEAVE US A LINE!

I'M CAPTAIN JOHN GALT.. AND YOU'LL WORK YOUR WAY ON THIS SHIP!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS WAD WILL BUY OUR PASSAGE ON EVEN THE QUEEN MARY!

LOOK, DUSTY! A SHIP!

YIPPEE! RUN UP OUR DISTRESS SIGNAL!

NO.. GIMME!! YOU'LL STILL WORK YOUR WAY!

YOU BIG SEA APE!

UGH! TAKE THIS THICK-HEADED MICK BELOW!

POW

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP, MIKE AND DUSTY ARE PUT TO WORK...

LET'S SEE YA FIGGER A WAY OUTTA THIS ONE!

A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE SEA AS CAPTAIN GALT NEARS THE COAST OF CHINA...

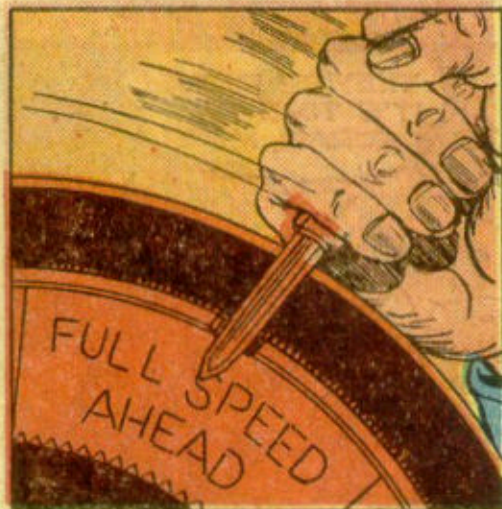
NOW FER TH' DASH, CAP'N!



YEAH! TELL THEM MONKEYS IN THE STOKE HOLD T'HEAVE ON COAL!



FULL SPEED AHEAD



FULL SPEED AHEAD.. AND WE'RE IN THE CHINA SEAS! I GOT IT.. GALT'S TRYING TO RUN THE INVADERS' BLOCKADE!



YEAH..AN' IF WE'RE CAUGHT ON THIS SCOW IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!



WITH NO LIGHTS AND ENGINES POUNDING, CAPTAIN GALT DASHES FOR HIS PORT..



BUT THE DELICATE HYDROPHONES OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE PICK UP THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES...



CAPTAIN !!

...AND SOON A SEARCHLIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS, REVEALING THE SHIP...



HEAVE TO... OR WE OPEN FIRE !!



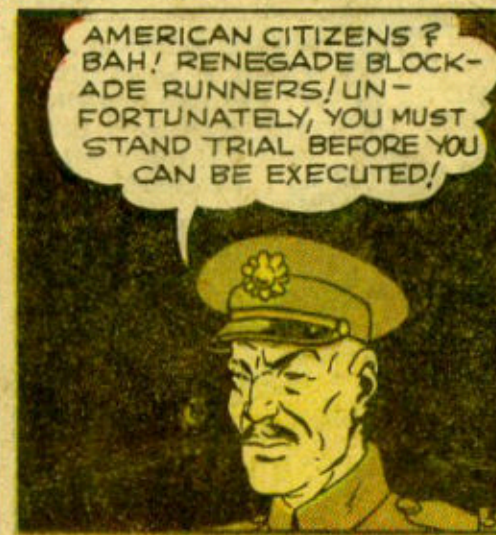
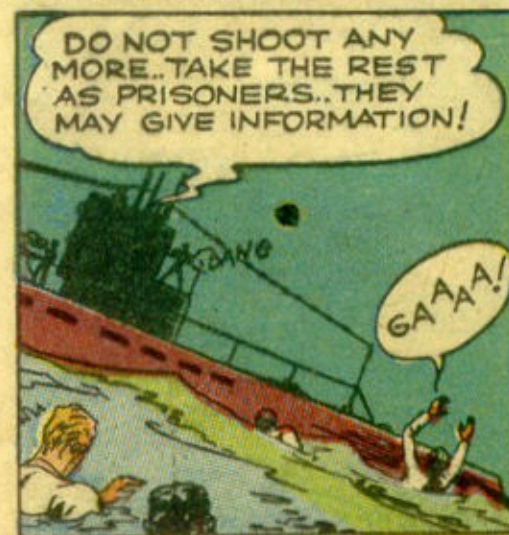
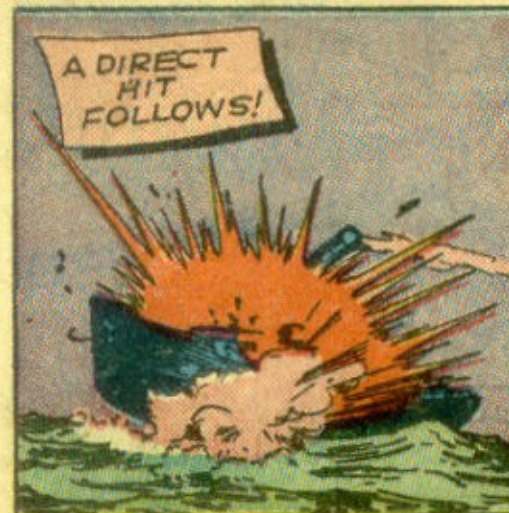
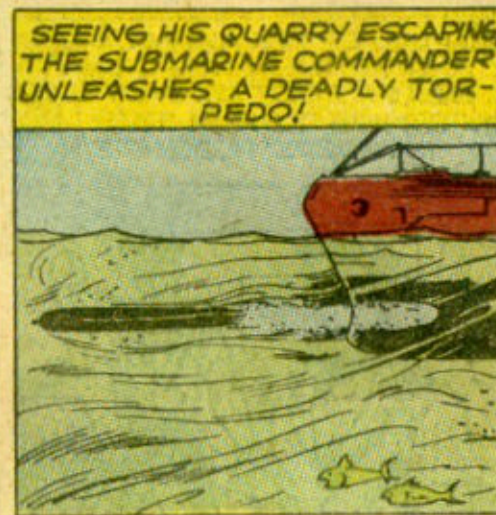
THEY GOT US!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE A RUN FOR IT! I'M DELIVERIN' THESE ARMS.. SO I CAN GET MY DOUGH!

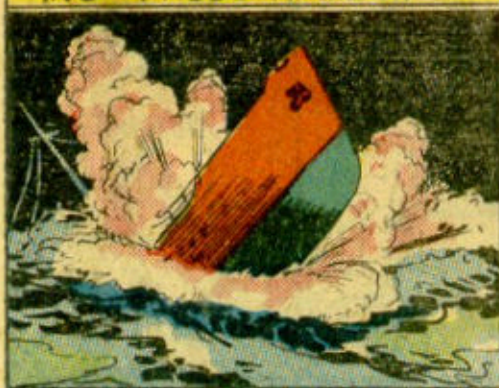


THE FOOLS! THEY'VE SEALED THEIR OWN DOOM!





THE FREIGHTER POISES FOR ITS FATAL PLUNGE... THEN GOES UNDER, CREATING A HUGE WAVE....



THE U-BOAT TIPS CRAZILY FROM THE WASH...



GRAB HIS GUN, DUSTY!

O.K.! UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE AN ANGEL, HEAD THIS SUB TOWARD SHORE!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN GALT BEACHES THE LAUNCH...



YOU'VE FAILED! AND EXPOSED OUR POSITION!

BUT, YIN... LISTEN...

MIKE, WE OUGHTA REACH SHORE NEARLY AS SOON AS GALT.. AND WE'LL RUN IN HARD ENOUGH TO BEACH THIS PIG BOAT! YOU'RE COMIN' TOO, CAPTAIN!



A BATTLE ROYAL ENSUES..



SAVE GALT FER ME, DUSTY!

THE CHINESE ARE ENRAGED OVER GALT'S FAILURE TO DELIVER THE MUNITIONS.



SO..PREPARE TO DIE!

NO! NO!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE TRIO DASH FROM THE SURF...



COME ON, MIKE! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!



NO BACK-TALK SOLDIER!

THERE! AN' I'LL MEET YA WITH A LEFT ON TH' REBOUND, GALT!



NOW, TELL THIS OFFICER THAT WE AIN'T REALLY A PART OF YOUR RATTY CREW... QUICK!



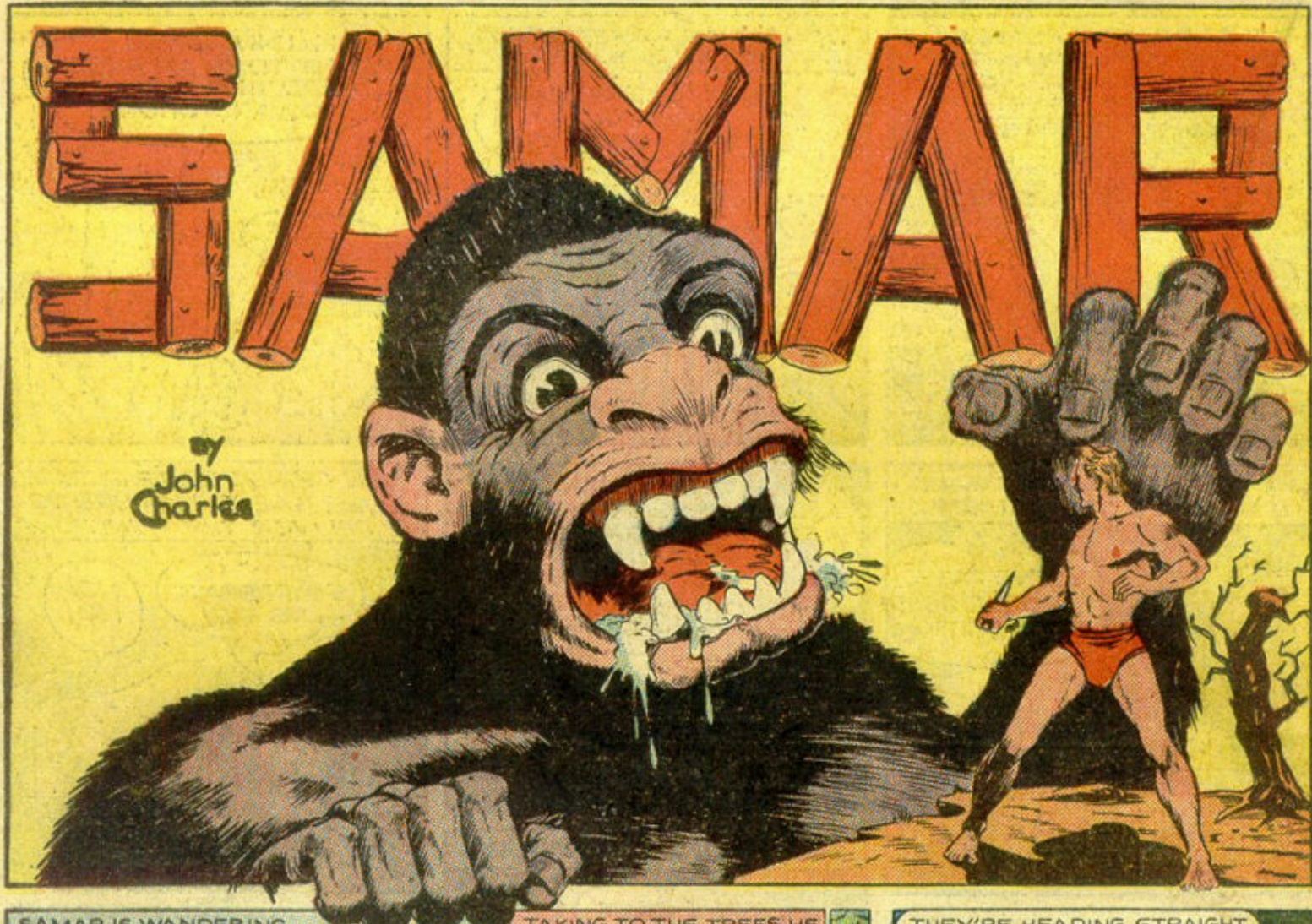
OKAY..OKAY! THA'S RIGHT! YOU GUYS WERE SHANGHAIED!

LATER...

OUR HUMBLE APOLOGIES..WE WILL CONNECT YOU WITH PASSAGE TO SINGAPORE!



THANKS, CAP.. THERE MIGHT BE SOME EXCITEMENT IN SINGAPORE!



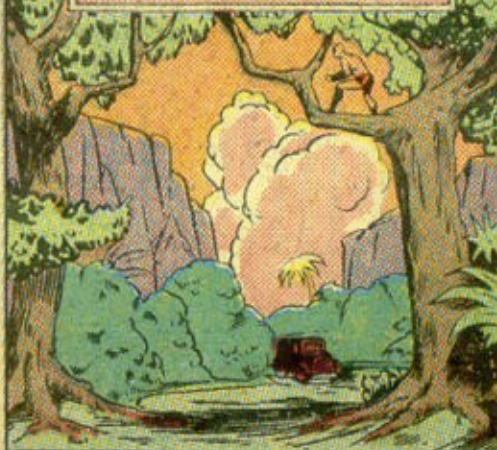
by
John
Charles

SAMAR IS WANDERING
ACROSS THE VELDT, WHEN...

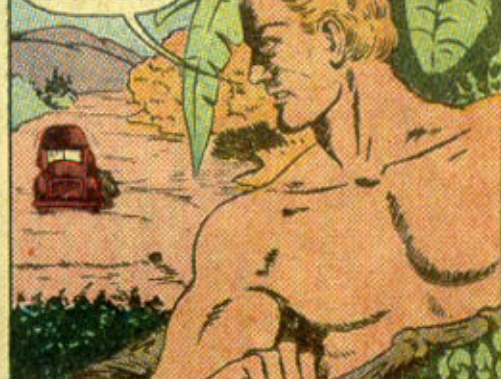


THAT RUMBLING...
SOUNDS LIKE
AN AUTO..

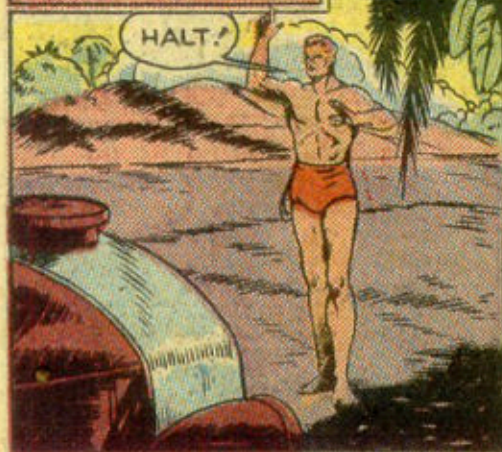
TAKING TO THE TREES, HE
SEES A TRUCK BELOW...



THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT
TOWARDS THAT ANIMAL PIT!
THEY'LL BE IMPALED ON
THOSE SHARP
STAKES!

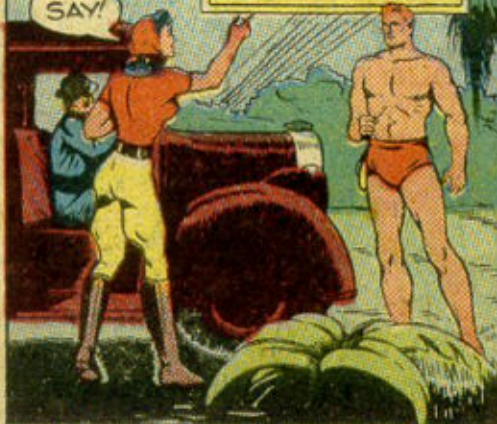


HE DROPS FROM THE TREES
IN FRONT OF THEM...



HALT!

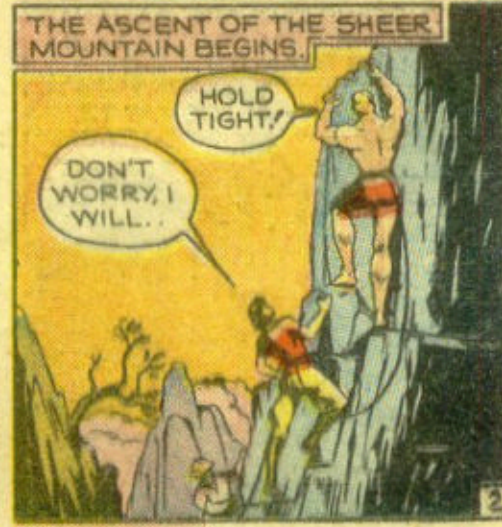
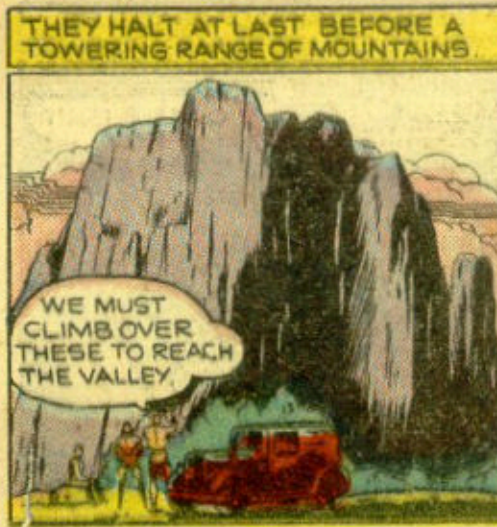
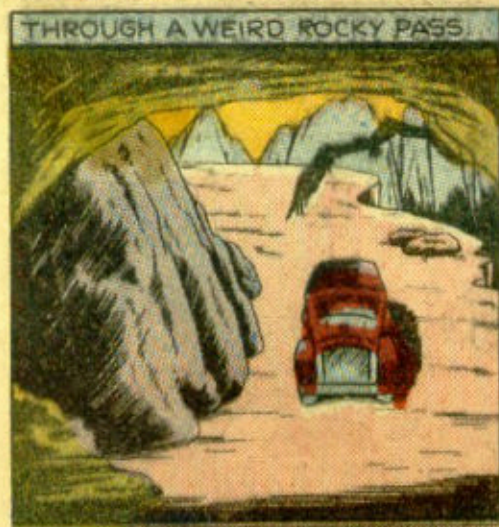
THE TRUCK SCREECHES TO AN
ABRUPT HALT. AN IRATE GIRL
STEPS FORTH..

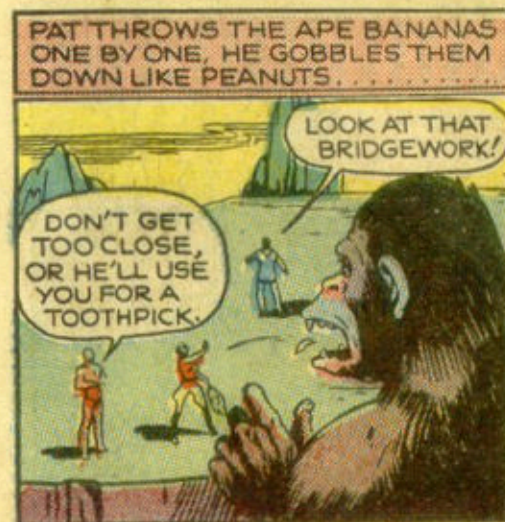
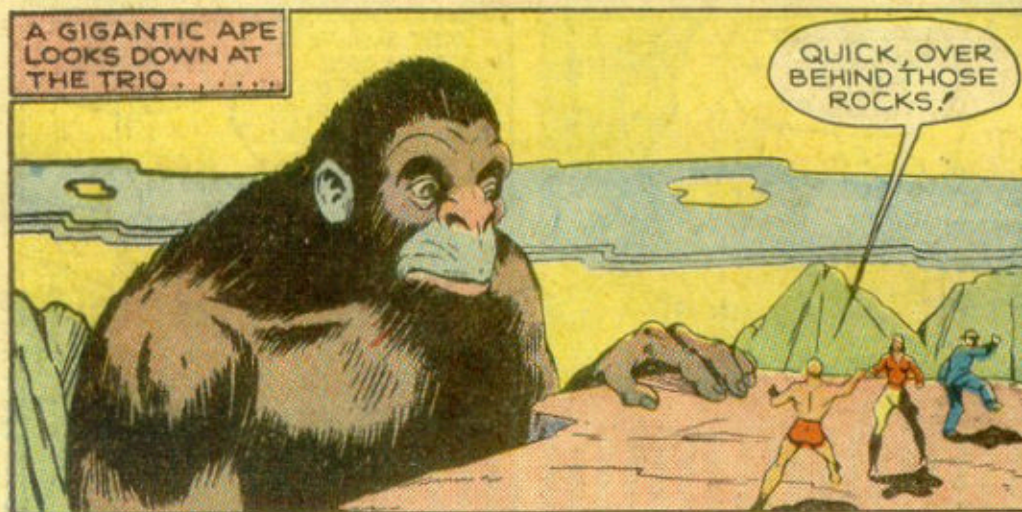


SAY!

WHAT'S
THE IDEA,
YOU BIG LUG?
WE ALMOST
RAN YOU
DOWN!







THE NEXT MORNING

WELL, SHALL WE START DOWN, SAMAR?

IF YOU HAVE YOUR CAMERA READY



BUCK, YOU STAY AND KEEP OUR BIG PAL COMPANY.



THEY START DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...

LOOK, THE APE'S PAW!



I THINK HE WANTS TO GIVE US A RIDE DOWN!

LET'S TRY IT!



THE GIANT DEPOSITS THEM GENTLY ON THE VALLEY'S FLOOR.

JUST LIKE AN ELEVATOR.



THEY STUMBLE UPON A HOME OF SABERTOOTH TIGERS.

BE CAREFUL, THE MOTHER MAY BE CLOSE BY.

LOOK, AREN'T THEY CUTE? I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SHOTS OF THEM



THERE IS A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR AS THE MOTHER TIGER SIGHTS THE INTRUDERS.

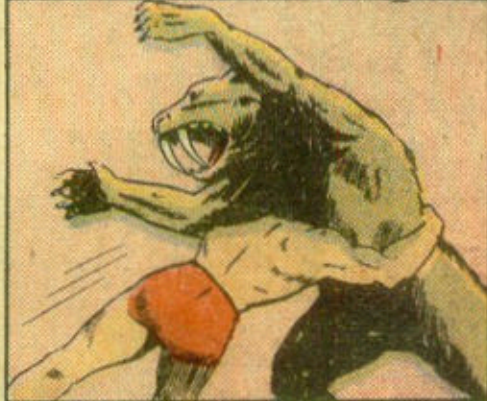
RUN, PAT!



AS THE BEAST SPRINGS, SAMAR DODGES AGILELY AND LEAPS ON HER BACK.



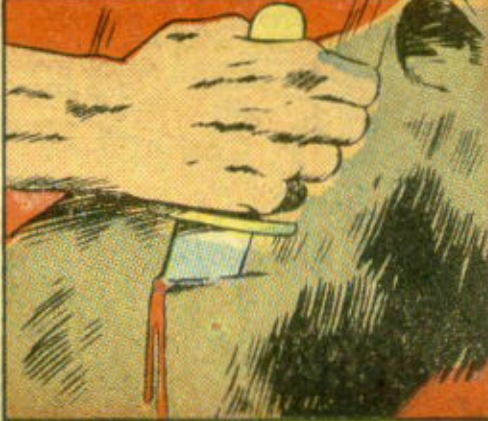
OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL, AS SAMAR FIGHTS THE FIERCEST BATTLE IN HIS LIFE...



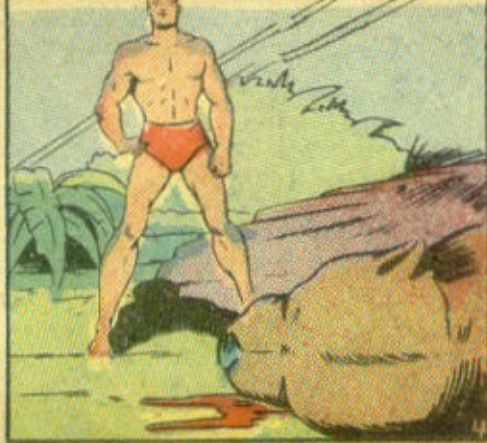
SAMAR LOSES HIS FOOTING AND IS ALMOST IMPALED ON THE BEAST'S SHARP TUSKS.



BUT HE REGAINS HIS HOLD AND PLUNGES HIS KNIFE DEEP INTO THE ANIMAL'S THROAT...



AND MODERN MAN RISES VICTORIOUS OVER PRE-HISTORIC BEAST.



AS THEY START TOWARD CAMP A HUGE MASTADON CHARGES THEM.



WE'RE IN THE OPEN..
OUR ONLY CHANCE
IS TO DODGE HIM!

AS THE BEAST GAINS ON THEM,
PAT SCREAMS IN TERROR...



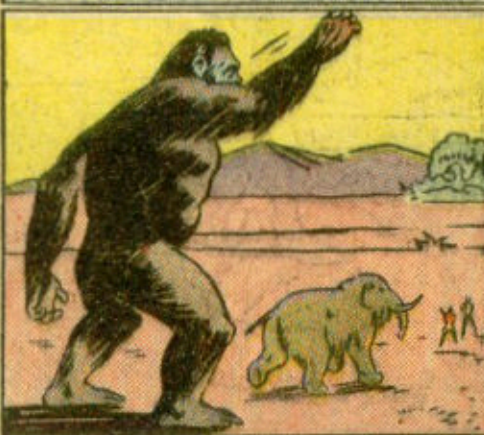
THE HUGE APE, HEARING PAT
SHRIEK, REALIZES HER DANGER.



DESPITE HIS INJURED LEG HE
AMBLES FORTH TO DO BATTLE..



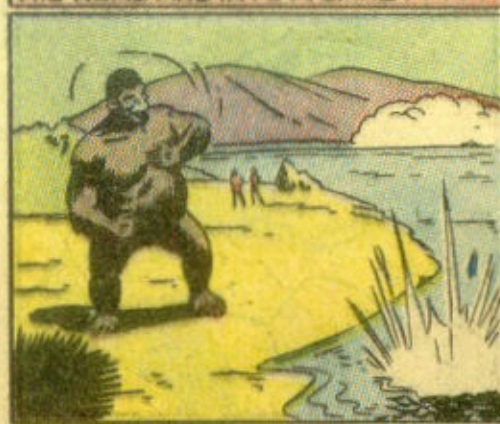
THE APE REACHES THE SCENE AS
THE TUSKER IS ALMOST UPON THEM.



SEIZING THE MONSTER LIKE A
TOY, HE SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND.



THEN GRABBING THE MASTADON
BY THE TAIL, HE SWINGS HIM OVER
HIS HEAD AND INTO A LAKE...

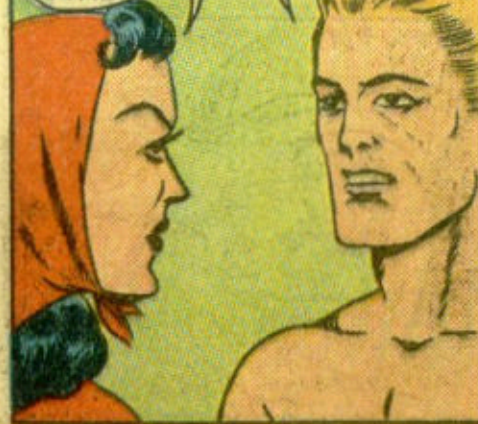


THE GIANT PICKS THEM UP AND
RETURNS THEM TO THEIR CAMP.



BOY, IF ONLY I'D GOTTEN
SOME FILM OF
THAT!

WAIT A MINUTE,
MY CAMERA'S
GONE!



IT WAS CRUSHED
BY THE MAMMOTH.

WELL, I GUESS IT'S FOR THE
BEST..AS YOU SAY,
THE VALLEY IS BETTER
LEFT UNEXPLORED.



THEY BID FAREWELL TO THE HUGE
APE AND DEPART DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



GOOD BYE, OLD
MAN. YOU SAVED
OUR LIVES!

YOU KNOW,
SAMAR, I FEEL
AS IF I'M SAYING
GOOD BYE TO AN
OLD FRIEND..

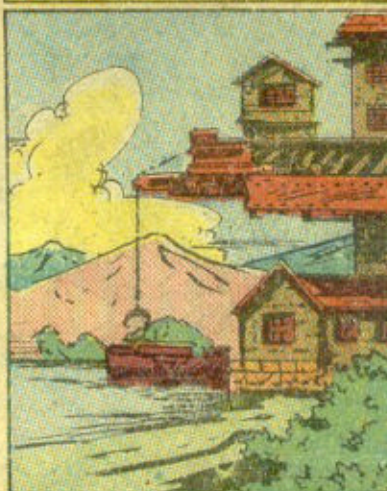
More daring deeds of Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE
NAVAL AIR CORPS



AT THE WESTERN NAVAL AIR BASE, HUGE CRANES BUZZ BUSILY.



WHILE TAKING A PLANE ON A ROUTINE TEST FLIGHT, SPIN SHAW RUNS INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE OVER THE MINE-FILLED SHIPPING LANES.

By Rex Smith

"PEANUTS" GUNNER FOR CAPTAIN SHAW, SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM.



AT HEADQUARTERS.



THE NEW AIRPLANES HAVE ARRIVED... I WANT YOU TO TEST THEM.



GIVE THEM THE REQUIRED TESTS AND NOTHING ELSE! YOU HAVE AN UNCANNY KNACK OF... WELL..



OF FINDING ADVENTURE ON SIMPLE ASSIGNMENTS. SO ON THIS HOP, STOP FOR NOTHING

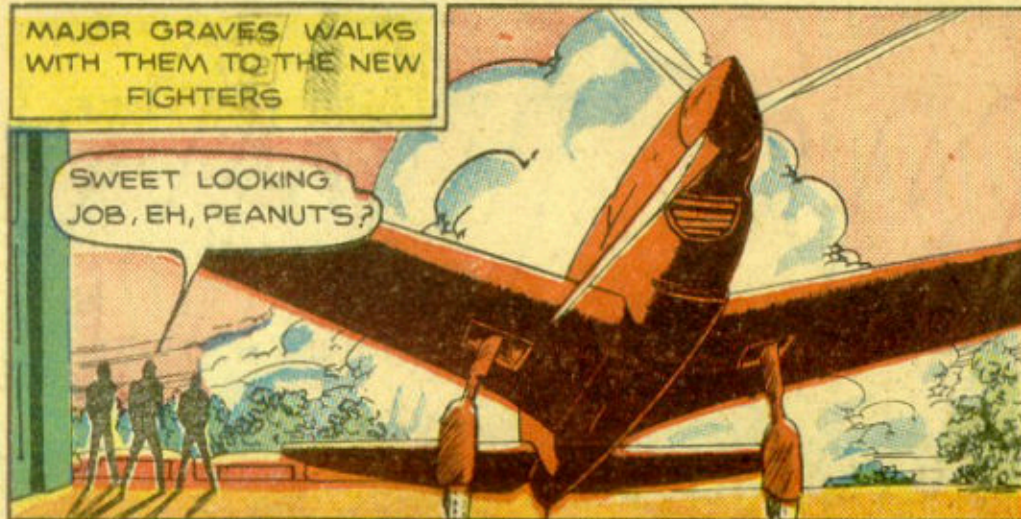


YES, SIR. I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WILL HAPPEN!



MAJOR GRAVES WALKS WITH THEM TO THE NEW FIGHTERS

SWEET LOOKING JOB, EH, PEANUTS?



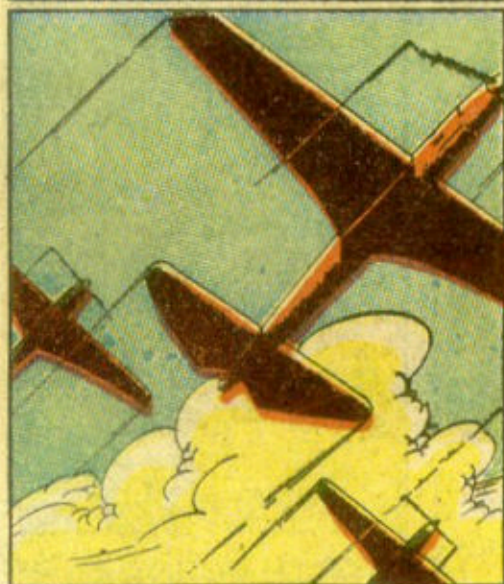
SPIN AND PEANUTS CLIMB INTO THE LEAD PLANE . . .

NOW REMEMBER, CAPTAIN, COME STRAIGHT BACK..GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

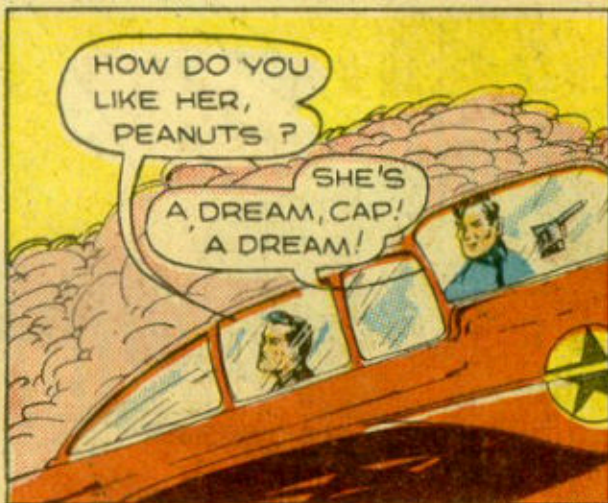


SPIN LEADS THE FLEET OF THREE INTO THE AIR



HOW DO YOU LIKE HER, PEANUTS?

SHE'S A DREAM, CAP! A DREAM!



PEANUTS EXAMINES THE NEW GUNS . .

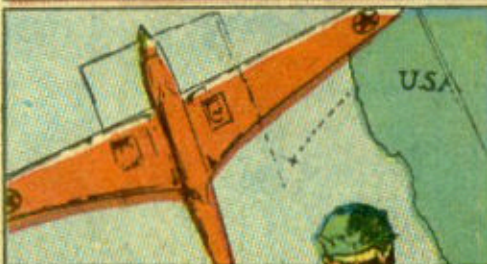
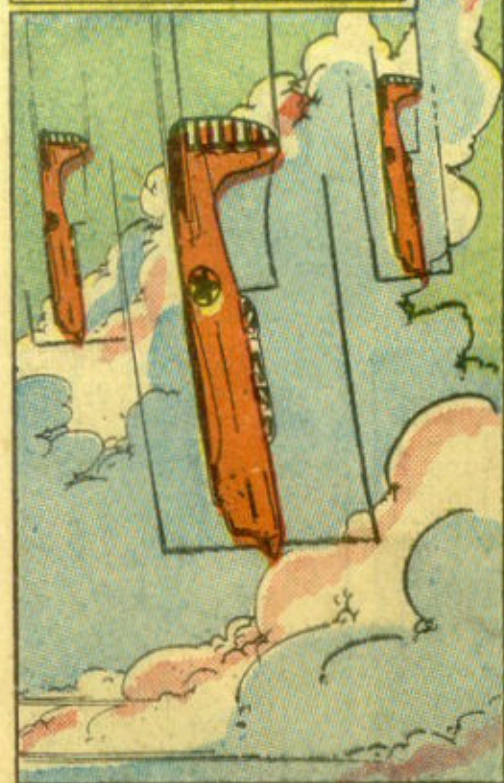
BOY! I'D LOVE TO TRY THIS ON A REAL TARGET!



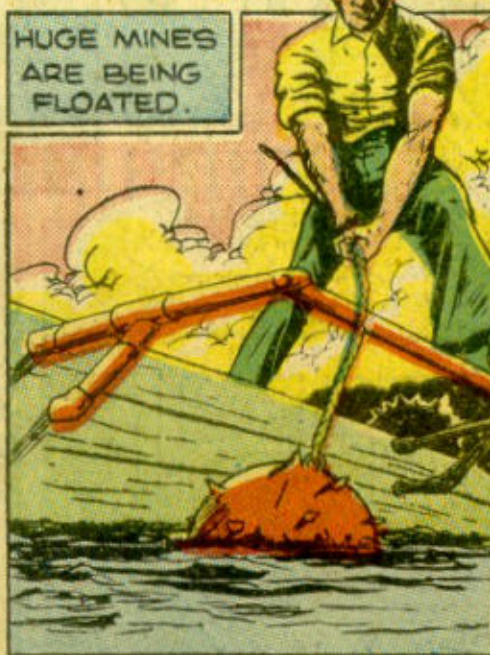
THEIR COURSE TAKES THEM SOUTHWARD OVER THE PACIFIC

MEANWHILE, DIRECTLY IN THE SHIPPING LANE, TWO MEN CAUTIOUSLY ROW AWAY FROM A GUNBOAT . .

SPIN SHAW PUTS THE PLANES THROUGH TEST AFTER TEST.



HUGE MINES ARE BEING FLOATED.



THEIR LEADER SPEAKS .

SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW SEES THE OPERATIONS

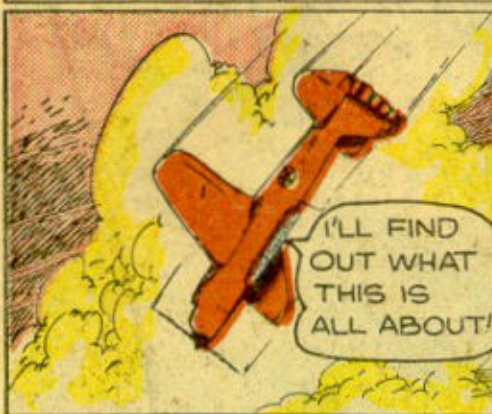


HURRY UP THERE, MEN!



WHAT TH'?!

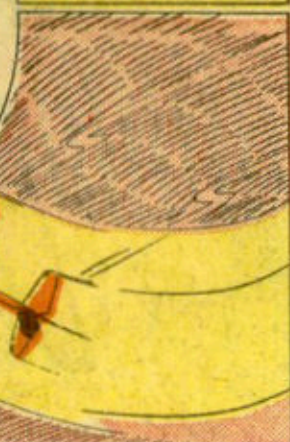
SIGNALLING THE OTHERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE, SPIN WHIPS INTO A DIVE



BUT PEANUTS TAKES A HAND.



DISGUSTEDLY, SPIN PULLS UP.



AND HEADS FOR HOME .



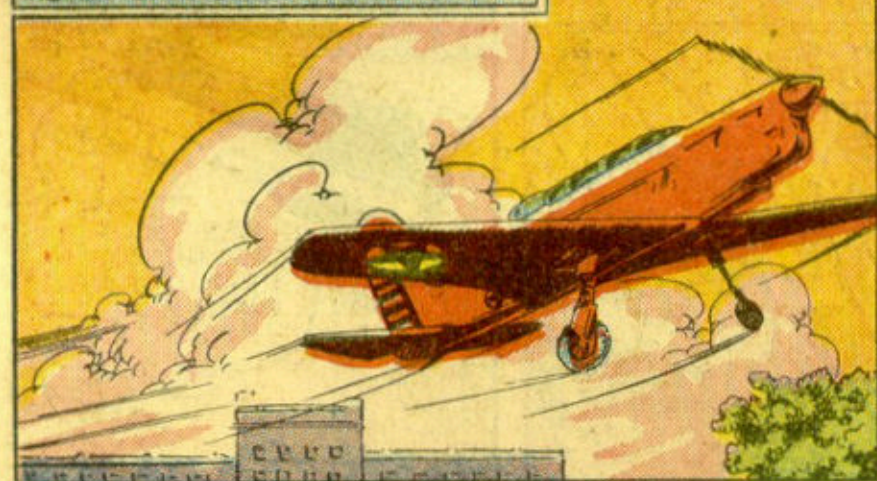
HE ENTERS THE MAJOR'S QUARTERS.



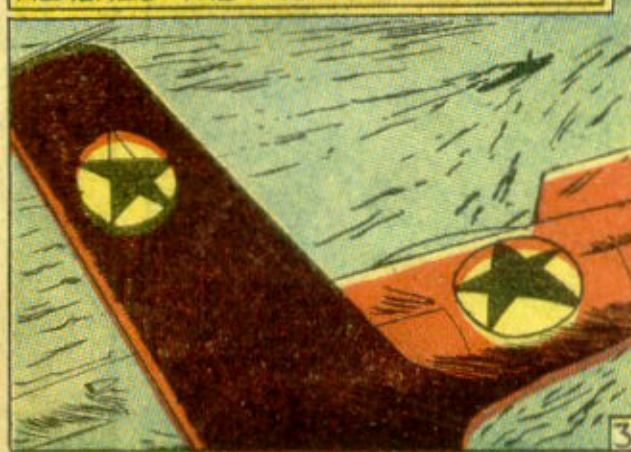
SHAW EXPLAINS.



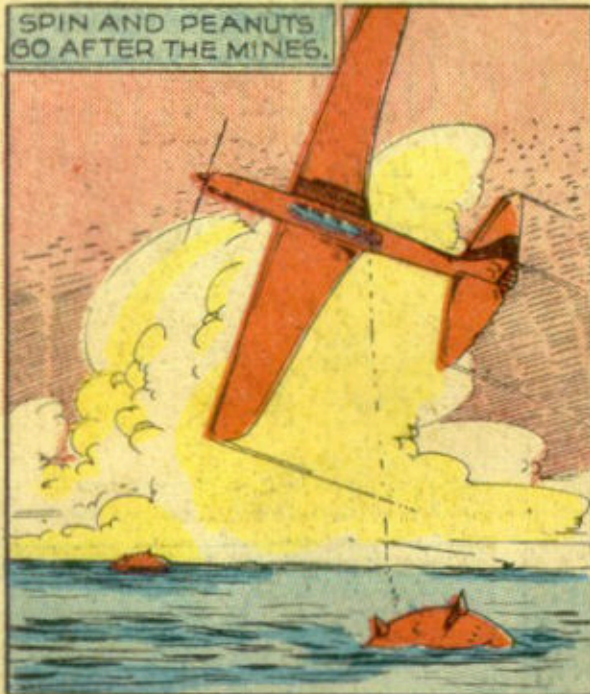
AGAIN SPIN SHAW TAKES OFF . .



THE GUNBOAT IS LEAVING AS SHAW REACHES THE FLOATING MINES .



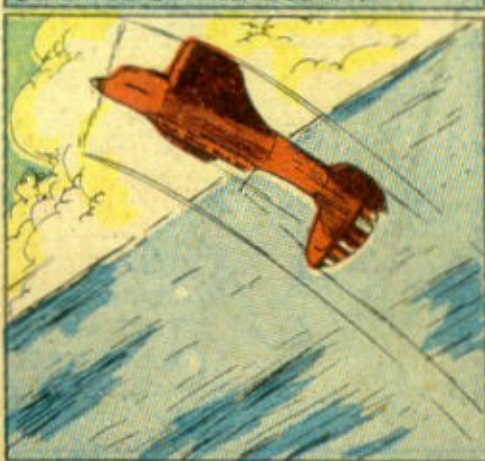
SPIN AND PEANUTS
GO AFTER THE MINES.



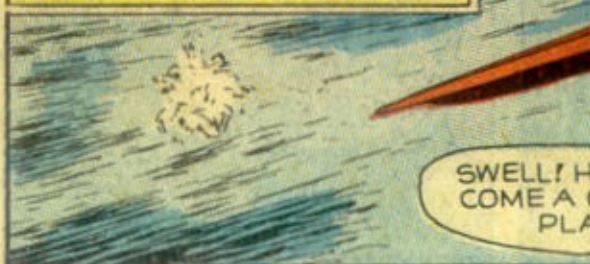
ONE AFTER ANOTHER,
THEY ARE EXPLODED.



CAREFULLY THEY SEARCH THE
SURFACE OF THE OCEAN.



THE SHIPPING LANE IS SOON
CLEARED OF THE DEADLY MINES.



SWELL! HEY! HERE
COME A COUPLE OF
PLANES!

THAT'S THE
LAST ONE,
SPIN!

SPIN GETS IN TOUCH WITH
MAJOR GRAVES.



THE
MINES
HAVE
BEEN
DEMOLISHED,
SIR!

AS HE TALKS, SPIN
FIGHTS FOR ALTITUDE.



WE'VE JUST BEEN
ATTACKED BY TWO
SEAPLANES, SIR!
I'LL HAVE TO
FIGHT!

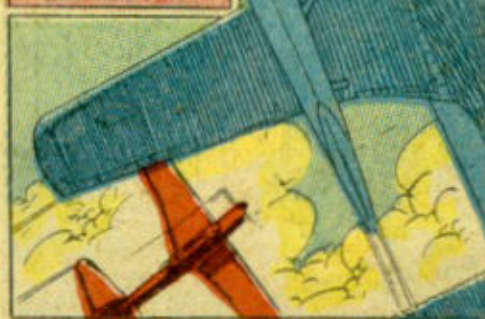
BAH! FIGHT!
ORDERLY, GET
MY PLANE OUT!



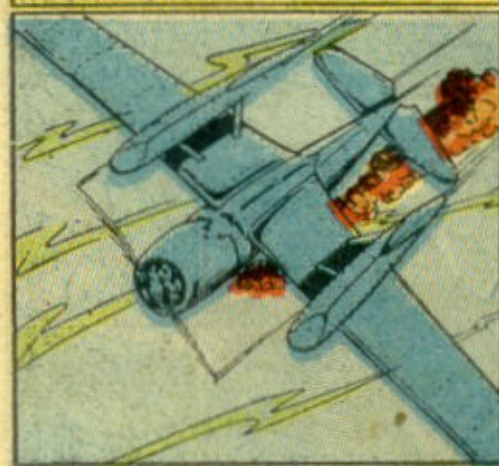
MEANWHILE, SPIN
ENGAGES THE TWO
PLANES.



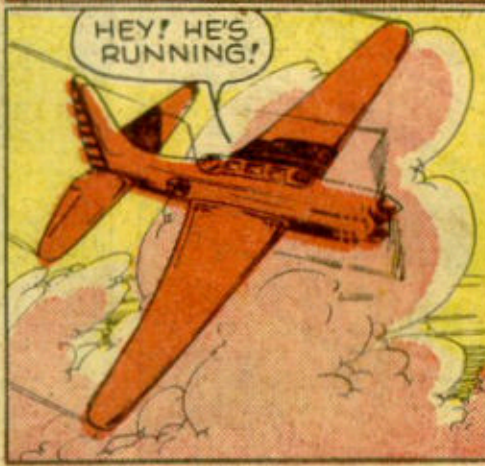
SEIZING HIS
CHANCE,
PEANUTS
SENDS IN A
DEADLY VOLLEY
TO AN ENEMY
PLANE.



AFIRE, THE MYSTERY PLANE
PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



SPIN BANKS TOWARD THE
SECOND PLANE.



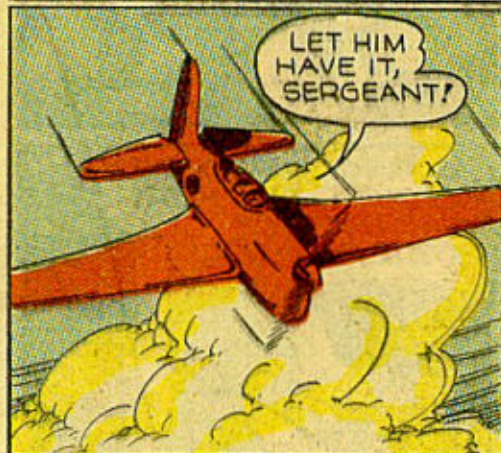
HEY! HE'S
RUNNING!

THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE
UNKNOWN PILOT HEADS FOR
THE CLOUDS.



KEEP YOUR
GUN READY,
PEANUTS! WE'LL
CATCH HIM
EASILY.

QUICKLY SPIN COMES WITHIN FIRING RANGE.



PEANUTS RAKES THE SHIP WITH BULLETS.



THE SECOND PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.



A SHORT TIME LATER SPIN REACHES THE BASE.



SPIN! YOU ALL RIGHT? AH..ER COME INTO MY OFFICE, CAPTAIN, AND MAKE YOUR REPORT!



TO PEANUTS WAITING OUTSIDE THE SILENCE IS OMINOUS. SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW COMES OUT.

IT'S O.K., PEANUTS. THE MAJOR SAID WE DID WELL..HE'S PROMISED US SOME REAL ACTION AGAIN...IN ABOUT A MONTH!



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Lala Palooza

GOOD NEIGHBOR
POLICY

HM-A DROP OF RAIN-I HOPE
IT DON'T SPOIL THE TRAP
SHOOTING MEET THAT MY
CLUB IS HAVING
TODAY!

WELL, CARTERET-MAYBE
YOU DON'T THINK I'M
ATTRACTIVE ANYMORE, EH?
WELL JUST LOOK AT VINCENT
PALOOZA WAVING AN' FLIRTIN'
WITH ME!

I'LL MAKE CARTERET
JEALOUS-I'LL FLIRT
RIGHT BACK AT
MISTER PALOOZA!

GOOD NIGHT! HAS MRS.
MC SHULTZ GONE BATTY?
SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME-
UNDER THE VERY NOSE
OF HER HUSBAND!

I GUESS ALL WOMEN ARE
SLIGHTLY BALMY-
I'M GOING
SHOOTING!

OH
VINCENT,
COME
HERE!

WILL YOU DROP THESE
FLOWERS OVER TO
MRS. MC SHULTZ-
SHE LOVES
FLOWERS-

NOT
MRS.
MC SHULTZ-
PLEASE,
LALA!

NOW LOOK-HERE HE COMES
WITH **BOUQUETS** FOR ME
AND **BULLETS**
FOR YOU!

ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM
KILL YOU
AND **CARRY**
ME **OFF?**
I'LL SAY
I AIN'T-
WHERE'S MY
LODGE **SWORD?**

RETREAT, YOU FAT
HOME WRECKER-
OR I'LL SPEAR
YA LIKE AN
ANCHOVIE!

AND YOU'D BETTER DROP
THAT BOUQUET TOO-
UNLESS Y'WANT IT FOR A
FUNERAL
WREATH!

CARTERET
MC SHULTZ,
I'M PROUD
OF YOU!

AW- THEM
SHEIK TYPES
IS ALWAYS
SET-UPS FOR
US STRONG,
SILENT
FELLAS!

ONLY YOU, VINCENT-
ONLY **YOU** CAN GO
OUT **SHOOTING**
AND COME BACK
WITH **STAB**
WOUNDS!

Lala Palooza

THE GIRL
NEXT DOOR

WELL—IF IT ISN'T VINCENT,
FROM NEXT DOOR!

H'LO,
MY SISTER
WANTS TO
BORROW A
LITTLE
BUTTER.

HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME
OVER, VINCENT—YOU MUST
KNOW HOW
I ADMIRE
YOU—

HOW
ABOUT
THE
BUTTER?

YOU MUTTER ABOUT
BUTTER— CAN'T YOU
SEE I LOVE YOU,
VINCENT
PALOOZA?

LET US DANCE, VINCENT—
DANCE TO THE RHYTHM OF
OUR THROBBING
ROMANCE!

WHOSE
?

HOLD ME IN
YOUR STRONG
ARMS, WHILE
YOU TELL
ME OF YOUR
LOVE FOR
ME!

I WILL NOT—
LEMME GO,
DAWGONE
YA!

AHEM

EEEEK!
IT'S SCARPUSS
SPOTOLI—
MY
FIANCEE!

I'LL
BET YOU
I DON'T
FEEL
GOOD!

WELL, IF Y'LOVE THIS
BLOATED BUTTER
BORROWER,
HE CAN HAVE
YA!

-AN' JUST T'MAKE
SURE HE GETS
YOU— I'M GOIN'
TO TH' WEDDIN'!

C'MON,
VINCENT!

marriage
Licenses

POP

HELP!

NEXT
DOOR

VINCENT, VINCENT!
WAKE UP! SOME-
BODY IS SCREAMING
NEXT DOOR—

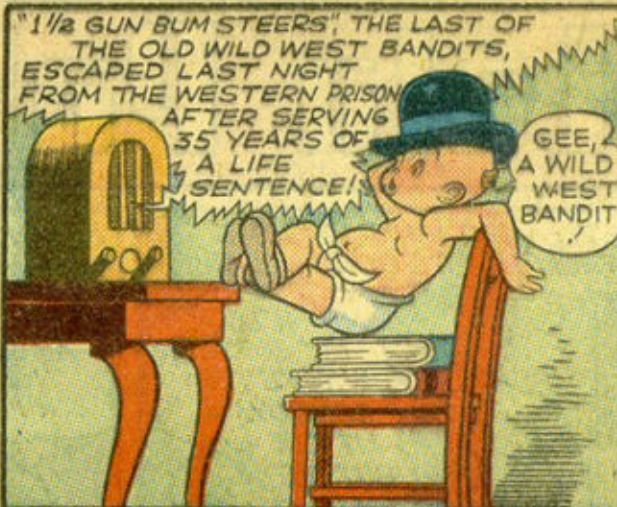
ANYTHING
WRONG—
CAN I
HELP?

YES—
GO BACK
TO BED,
YOU FAT
NIGHTMARE!

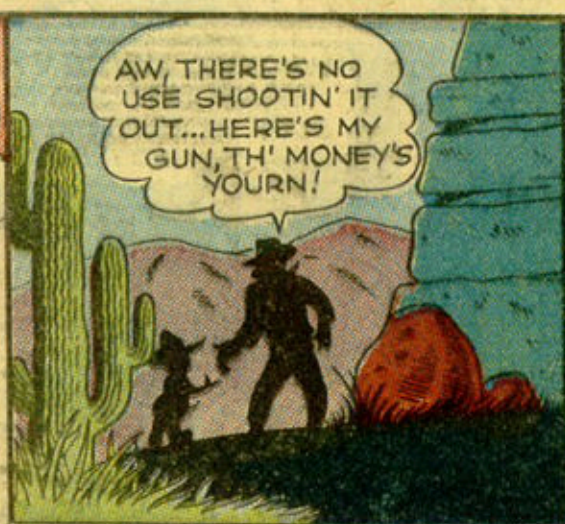
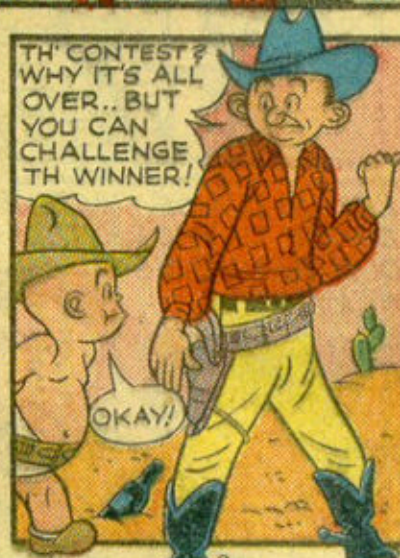
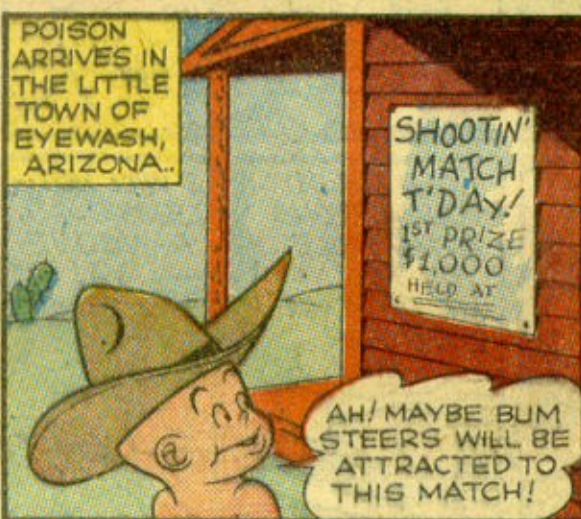
POISON IVY

THE
MIGHTY
MITE

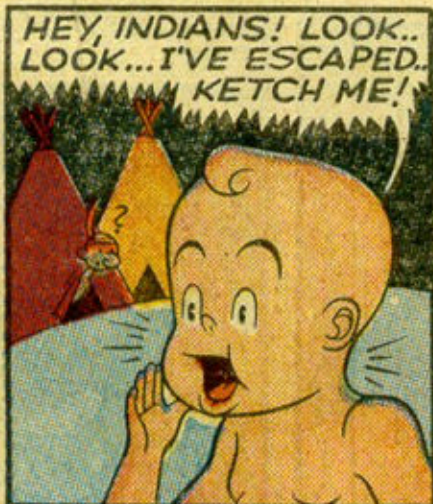
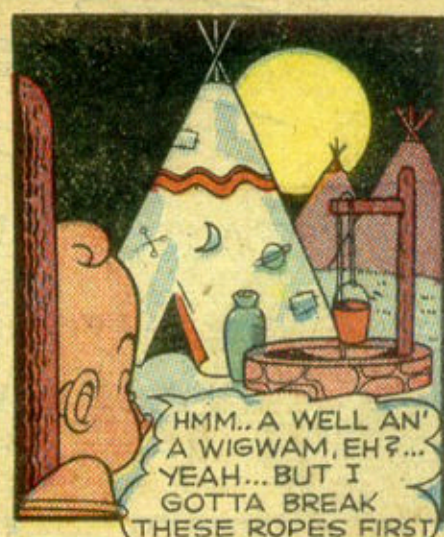
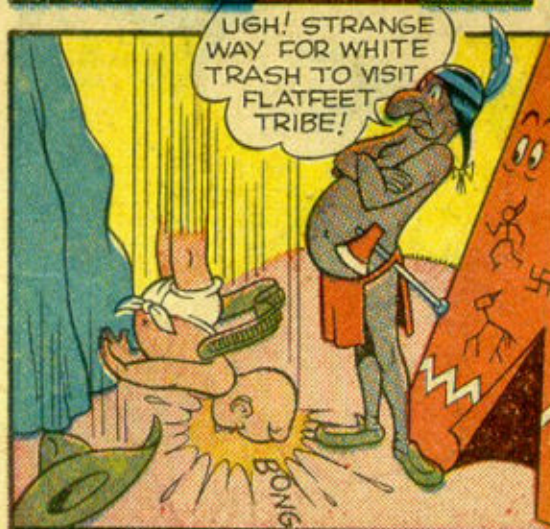
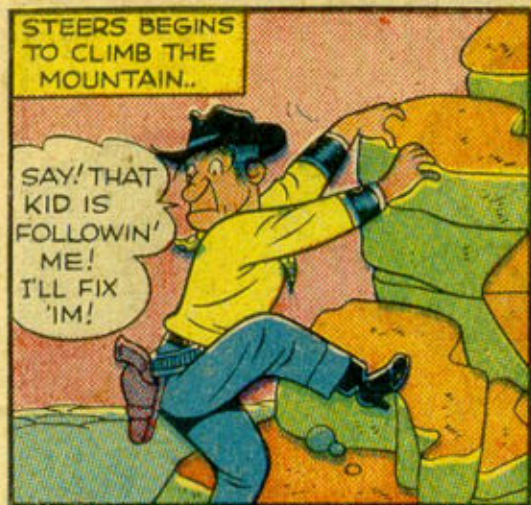
-GILL
FOX-



"1 1/2 GUN BUM STEERS", THE LAST OF THE OLD WILD WEST BANDITS, ESCAPED LAST NIGHT FROM THE WESTERN PRISON AFTER SERVING 35 YEARS OF A LIFE SENTENCE!



AND HANDING OVER HIS BIG GUN, STEERS SHOTS A SMALL ONE....

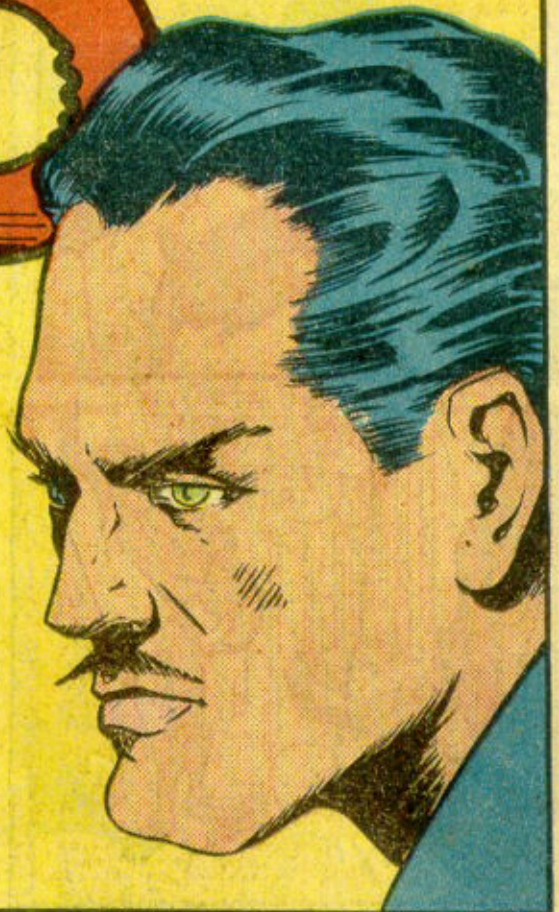
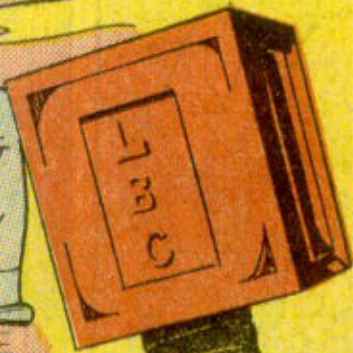


ZERO

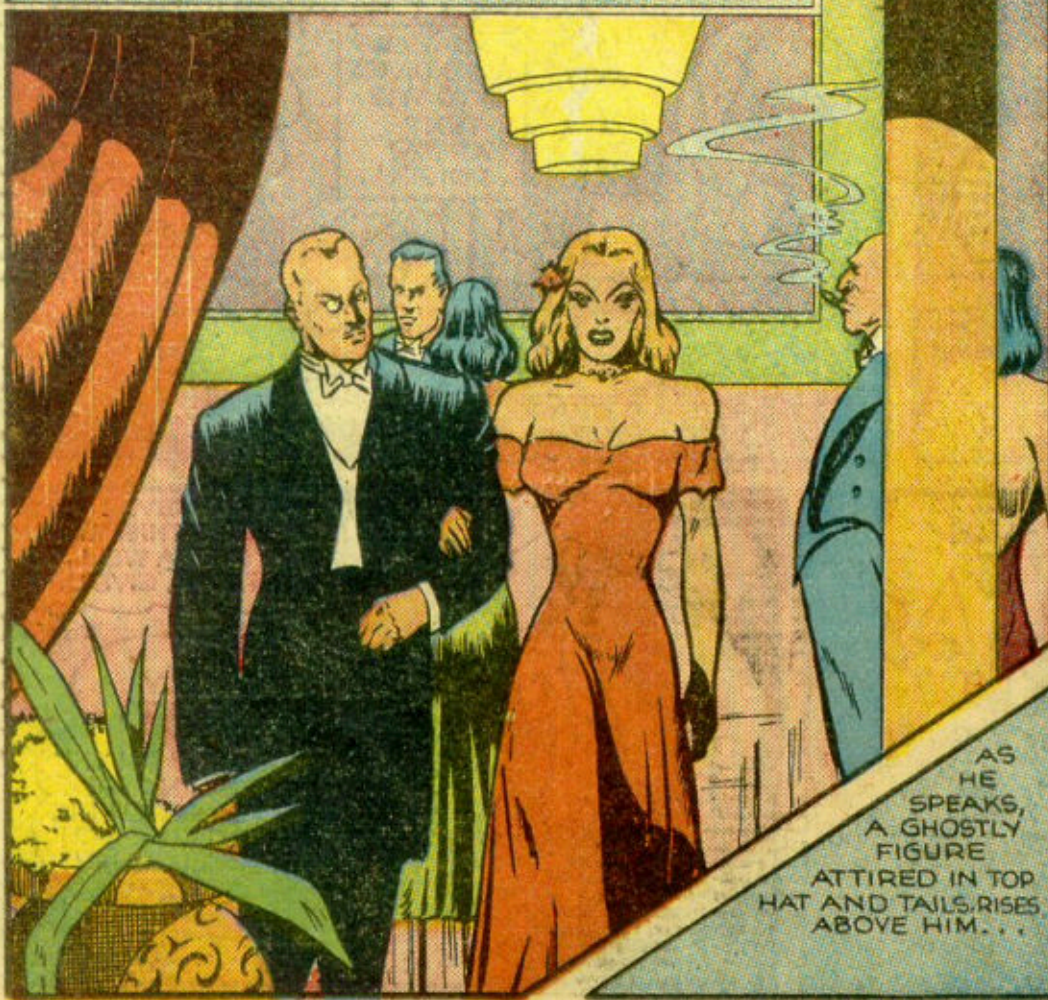
Ghost Detective

By
Noel
Fowler

A HAUNTED NIGHT CLUB.
PHANTOMS IN THE MIDST
OF SOPHISTICATED
REVELRY... ONLY ZERO
CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY
OF THE SKYSCRAPER
SPIRITS

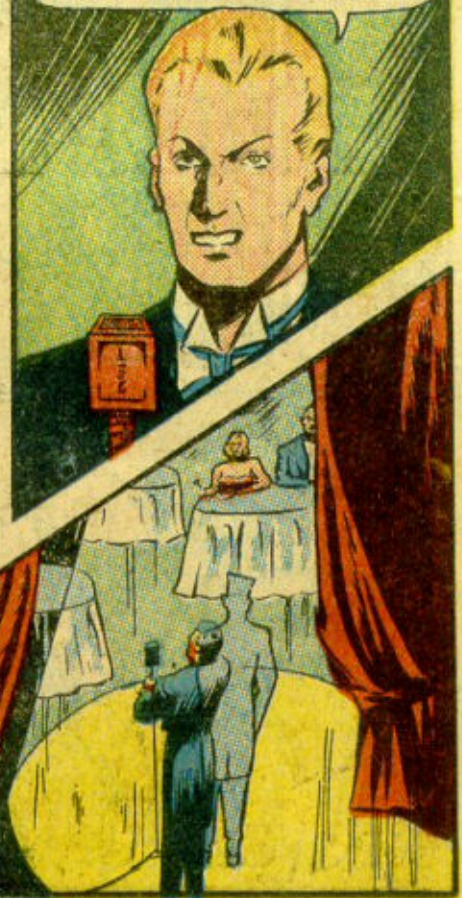


THE "MOON GLOW ROOM," ATOP THE BELLE PLAZA HOTEL.



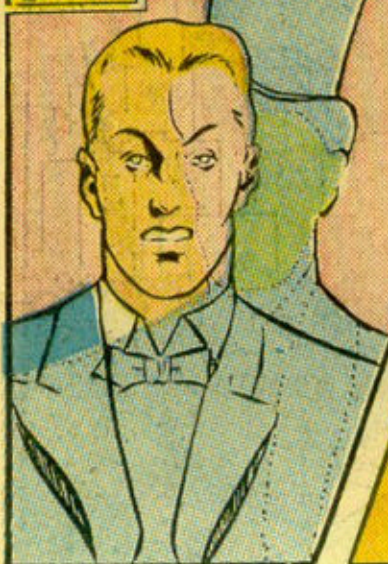
THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES
TAKES THE FLOOR.

TONIGHT WE INTRODUCE
THAT LOVELY SINGER....

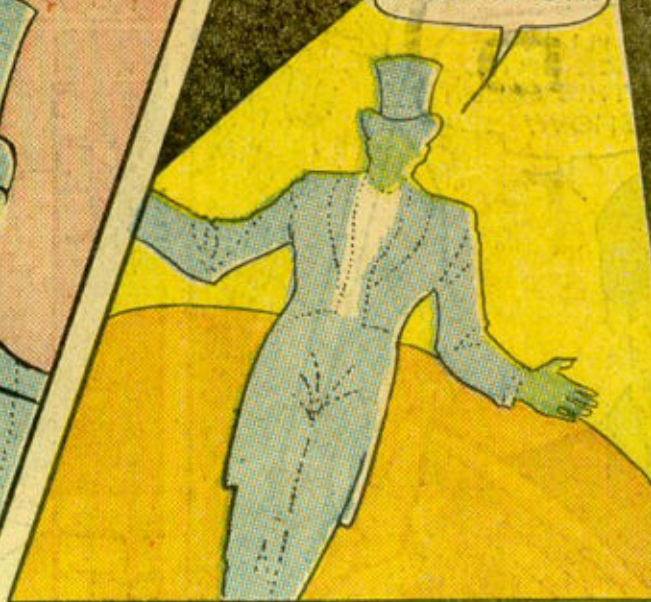


AS
HE
SPEAKS,
A GHOSTLY
FIGURE
ATTIRED IN TOP
HAT AND TAILS, RISES
ABOVE HIM...

GRADUALLY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE STANDS THE GHOST.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL NOW INTRODUCE A NEW SHOW.



NEVER BEFORE HAS ANY NIGHT CLUB PRESENTED A PERFORMANCE OF THIS SORT! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE GHOST SHOW!



BEHIND THE CURTAIN STANDS THE STARTLED FIGURE OF THE MANAGER.



I NEVER ORDERED SUCH A SHOW! IT MUST BE SOME CRAZY ACTOR'S GAG! IT'LL RUIN MY BUSINESS!

BACK IN HIS LABORATORY THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE, ZERO, CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT.



The New Times
GHOST SHOW BIGGEST HIT IN HISTORY OF SHOW BUSINESS!

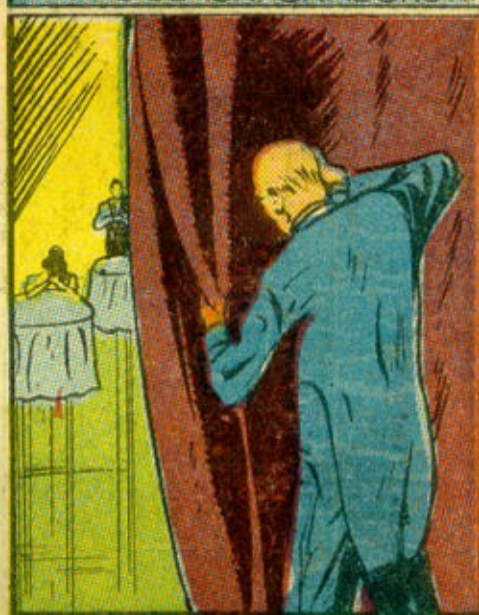
BUT, ZERO, THIS IS A FASCINATING SHOW. YOU SHOULD SEE IT!



AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE MOON GLOW ROOM TO SEE THE NEW SHOW.



THE MANAGER IS STILL IN A DAZE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SENSATIONAL SHOW.



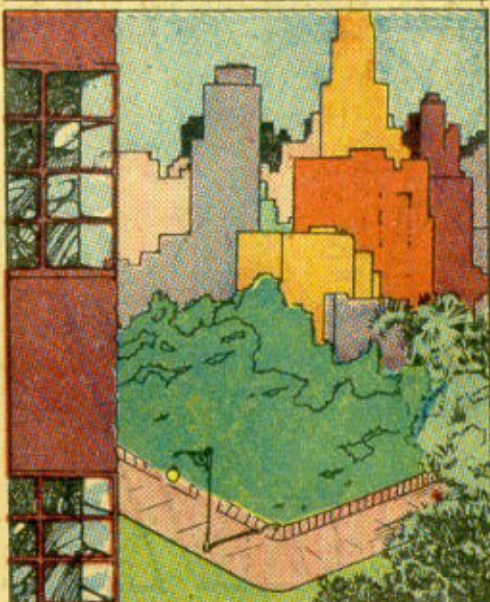
STOP WORRYING, JOE. I'M YOUR PRESS AGENT, AND I SAY YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD RIGHT HERE. WHAT DO YOU CARE WHERE IT'S FROM? IT DON'T COST YOU A CENT!



AT THE HOME OF ZERO,
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER.



IN ANOTHER APARTMENT,
SITUATED AT THE NORTH
END OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE.



TOMMY MANNERS, WEALTHY
PLAYBOY, IS DRESSING...



BRING ME A SILK POCKET
HANDKERCHIEF, JEEVES.
I MUST LOOK MY
BEST TONIGHT.



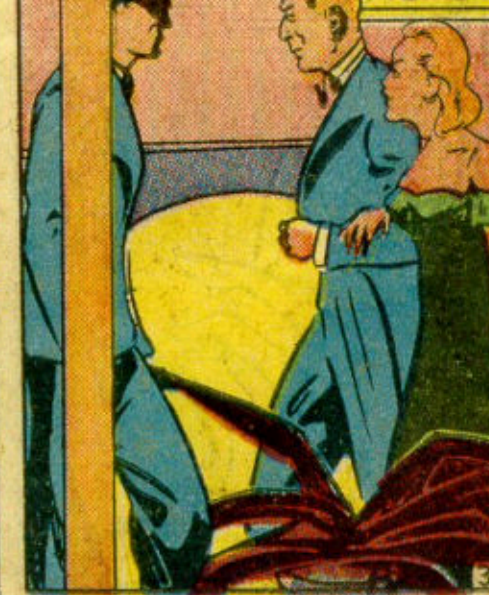
AT A CENTER TABLE ZERO
WATCHES THE GHOSTS REFORM



YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S
NEVER BEEN A SHOW
LIKE THIS! EXCUSE ME,
I'D LIKE TO SEE
THE MANAGER.



AS ZERO LEAVES THE ROOM,
TOMMY MANNERS ENTERS
WITH A GIRL.



IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, ZERO PRESENTS HIM WITH A STARTLING FACT.



YOUR PERFORMERS HAPPEN TO BE REAL, LIVE GHOSTS. IT'S DANGEROUS TO LET THE SHOW CONTINUE, BUT TO AVERT A PANIC, I'LL LET THE SHOW GO ON TONIGHT.



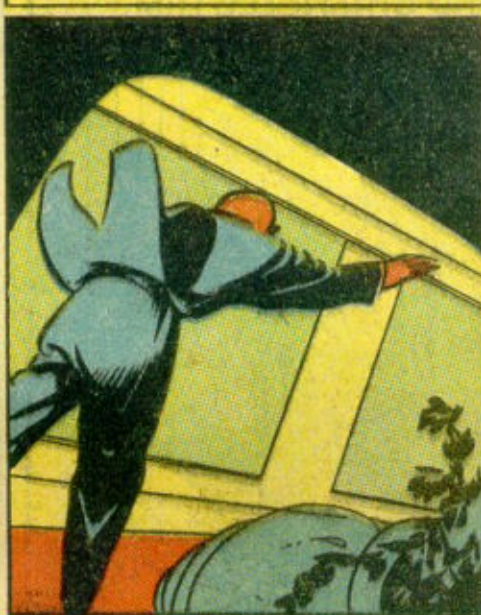
SUDDENLY FROM THE MOON GLOW ROOM, A HORRIBLE SHRIEK COMES FROM PLAYBOY TOMMY MANNERS.



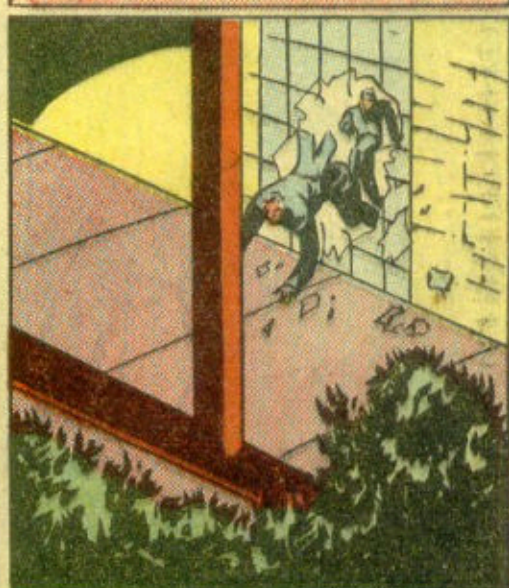
TOMMY CONTINUES SHOUTING AS HE IS PURSUED BY A GHOST. ZERO FOLLOWS CLOSELY.



THROUGH THE ARCHED DOORWAY HE CONTINUES TO RUN..



WITH ZERO STILL IN PURSUIT, TOMMY CRASHES THROUGH THE OUTER PORCH WINDOW.



FINALLY ZERO CATCHES UP WITH TOMMY.



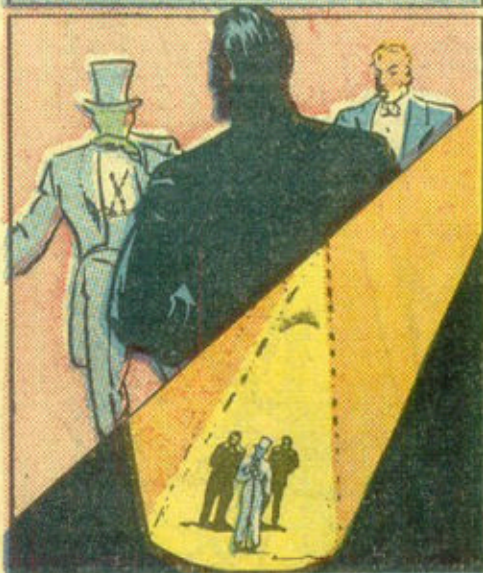
RESTRAINING TOMMY FROM LEAPING OVER THE SIDE, ZERO SEES THE GHOST APPROACHING.



DRAWING A MIRROR WITH A CROSS MARKED ON IT, ZERO FLASHES IT AT THE GHOST.



THE MIRROR HAS ITS EFFECT
THE GHOST DRAWS BACK IN
HORROR, AS ZERO ORDERS
BOTH BACK INTO THE ROOM.



THE GHOST RELATES HIS STORY

MY BROTHER, TOMMY
MANNERS, MURDERED
ME SO HE COULD COLLECT
MY FORTUNE. I KNEW
THAT AS A PLAYBOY, HE'D
BE FASCINATED BY ANY
NEW SENSATION..SO
WITH THE AID OF MY
FELLOW GHOSTS, WE
DECIDED TO BRING THE
GHOST SHOW TO THE
MOON GLOW ROOM.



ZERO DOESN'T NOTICE THE
OTHER GHOSTS STEAL UP
BEHIND HIM.



SUDDENLY THEY GRAB HIM,
FORCING HIM TO DROP HIS
MIRROR.



AT THAT MOMENT THE GHOST
SPRINGS UPON TOMMY,
AND STRANGLES HIM.



THE LIGHT BLINDS
THE GHOSTS

BUT
FROM
HIS
POCKET
ZERO
DRAWS
A SULPHUR
OUE
MATCH.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF
THE SULPHUR, THE
GHOSTS VANISH.



THE AUDIENCE THINK
ING THIS PART OF
THE SHOW,
APPLAUD. . . .



AND THIS, FOLKS,
IS THE FINAL
PERFORMANCE
OF THE GHOST
SHOW!

LIFTING THE DEAD BODY OF
TOMMY, ZERO EXITS AMID THE
APPLAUSE



THE DEMON OF
DESTRUCTION

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

by
HARRY
FRANKS
CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD, SO IS HIS "DOUBLE," LIEUTENANT JACKSON. NOW BRUCE, AS "BLACK," IS A MEMBER OF THE "UN-AMERICAN BAND."

TO ANYONE LISTENING, THESE 2 MEN SEEM RABID MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND~

IN NEW YORK, PEOPLE LIKE FLIES SHALL DIE, FRIEND **BLACK!**

GOOD!



YET, ONE MAN IS BRUCE **BLACKBURN**, CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

AND ZORN, HOW DO WE KILL THESE **FOOLS?**

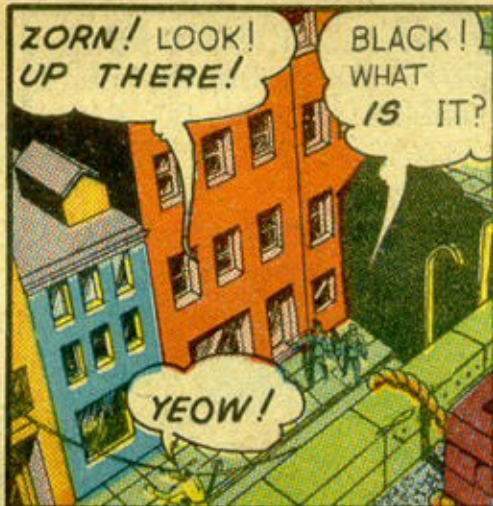
I DO NOT KNOW....
LATER WE~



ZORN! LOOK!
UP THERE!

BLACK!
WHAT
IS IT?

YEOW!



A BOY!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT~ HIS.. HIS CLOTHES!

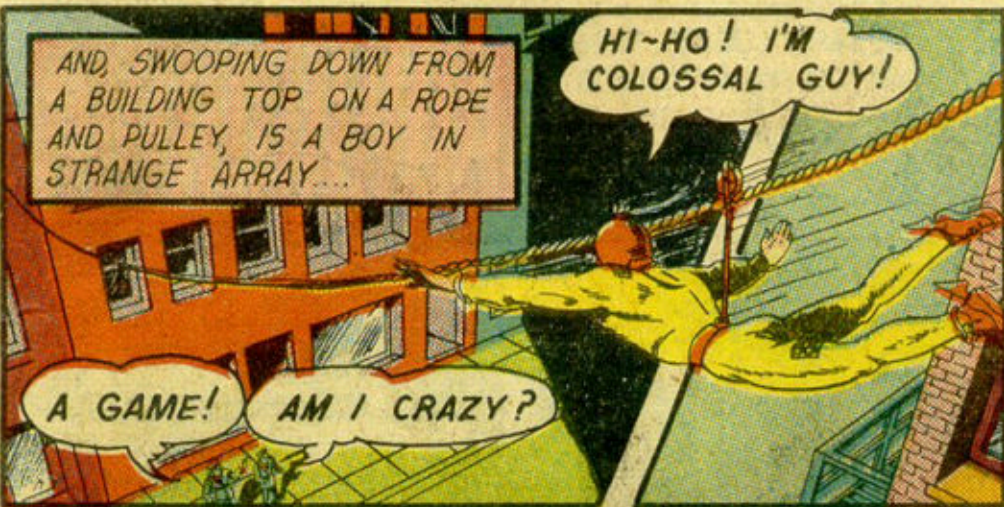


AND, SWOOPING DOWN FROM A BUILDING TOP ON A ROPE AND PULLEY, IS A BOY IN STRANGE ARRAY...

A GAME!

AM I CRAZY?

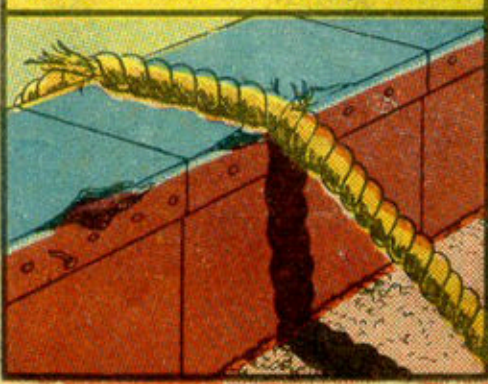
HI~HO! I'M COLOSSAL GUY!



LOOK, ZORN! **HEAVENS!**
THE ROPE! **IT'S FRAYING!**



AND ON THE BUILDING TOP, A SHARP METAL EDGE SAWS AT THE SWAYING ROPE.



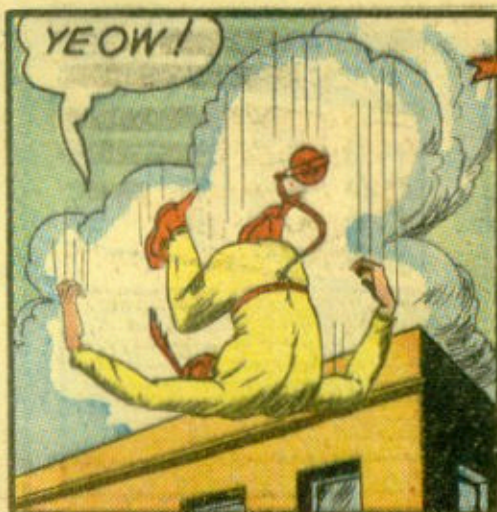
HE'LL BE KILLED!

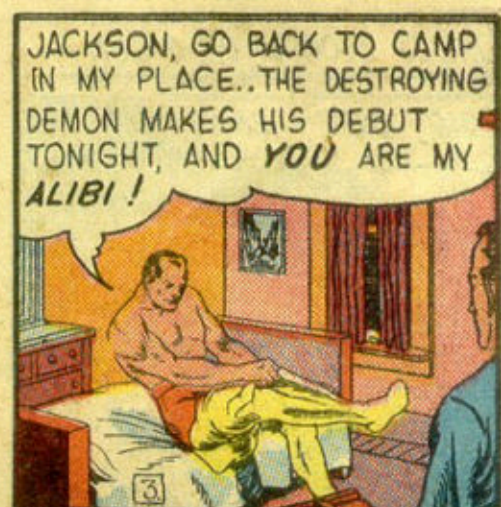
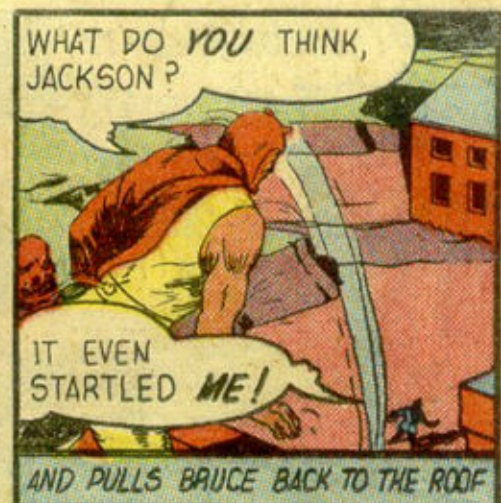
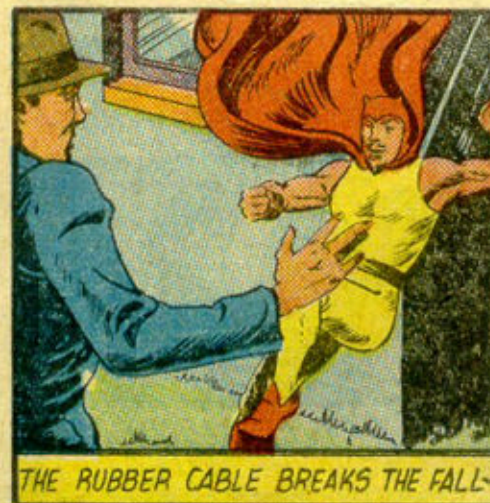
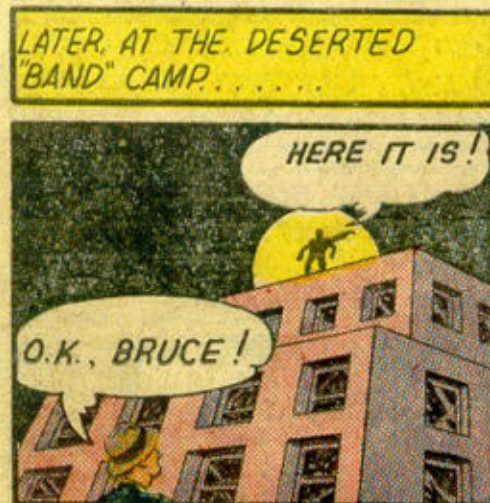
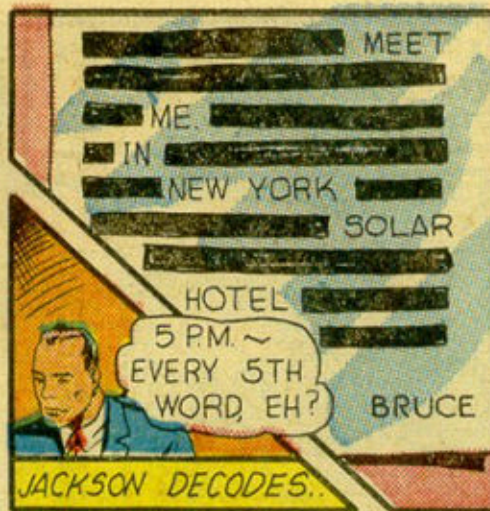
NOT IF I~



~CAN HELP IT!







THAT NIGHT, BRUCE, IN COSTUME,
HIDES IN THE BAND CAMP

BLACK, ZORN, ADDER~ NOW IN
THIS CAR WE GO TO THE
RESERVOIR!



AS THE CAR PASSES, BRUCE
LEAPS, AND CLINGS TO
THE TRUNK RACK...



HOPE WE GET THERE SOON..
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH
LONGER!



AS THE CAR SWERVES FROM
THE PAVEMENT TO THE
RUTTED RESERVOIR ROAD~



THE CYANIDE WILL
KILL THEM
ALL!

CYANIDE!
GREAT GUNS!



STOP! I COMMAND IT!

A DEVIL!

SHOOT HIM!

TAKE THAT!



AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO
POISON THE WATER...

BUT THE BULLETS GLANCE
HARMLESSLY OFF OF BRUCE'S
BULLET-PROOF VEST!

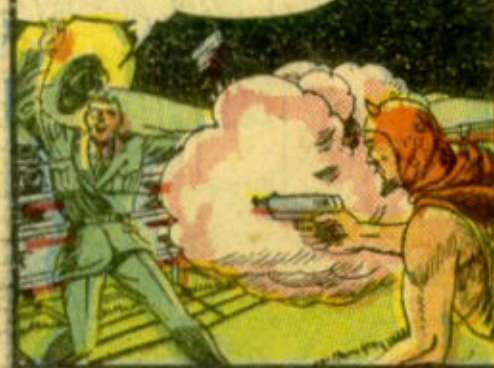
BULLETS DON'T
HARM HIM!!
RUN!

NOT
SO
FAST!



BRUCE SCOOPS UP A GUN~

DIE, DEV~ UGH!



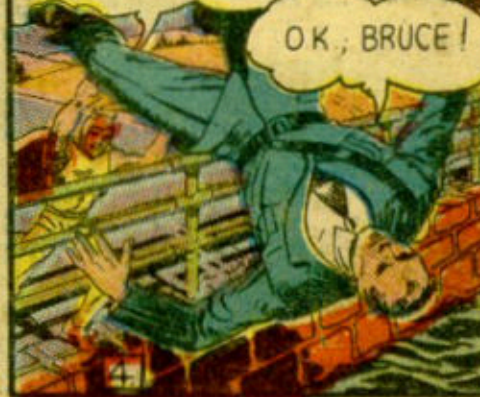
INTO THE WATER WITH
YOU!

HELP!



SORRY, JACKSON~ THIS
HAS TO LOOK GOOD!

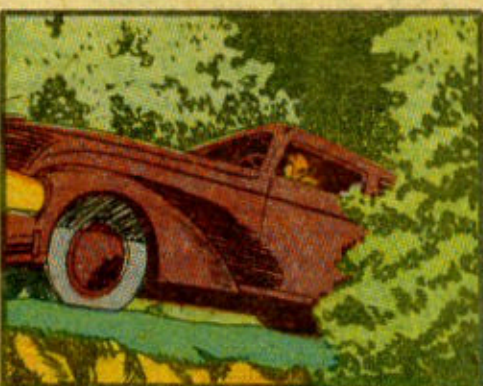
OK, BRUCE!



THAT **CYANIDE** WON'T DO ANY **DAMAGE** DOWN THERE!



BRUCE DRIVES THE **BAND'S** CAR BACK TO **CAMP**



NOW FOR MY **DEMONSTRATION**. I'LL ATTACH MY **RUBBER CABLE**!



ATOP THE **BAND BUILDING**...

DEMON~**BAH!** IT IS A **TRAITOR!** AND THE **ONLY** MEMBER NOT ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS **TIME**~



SOME POOR DEVIL'S IN FOR IT!

~IS **OTTO SCHMIDT**. YOU KNOW THE **PENALTY**, **SCHMIDT!**



NO~
NO~I'M
INNOCENT!
I'M~

THEY **WON'T** MURDER HIM IF I CAN **HELP** IT!



THE **DESTROYING DEMON**~



~**STRIKES!**



BRUCE SEIZES **SCHMIDT**, AND IS **SNAPPED** TO THE **ROOF**....

AN HOUR LATER.....

THAT GANG'S **POISON!** LET 'EM **ALONE**, **SCHMIDT!**

I WON'T
FORGET
THIS!



COLONEL **JORDAN**, **THIS** IS **BRUCE!** WE JUST FOILED A PLOT TO POISON THE NEW YORK WATER SUPPLY! HAVE **ALL RESERVOIRS** GUARDED! AND COLONEL~~



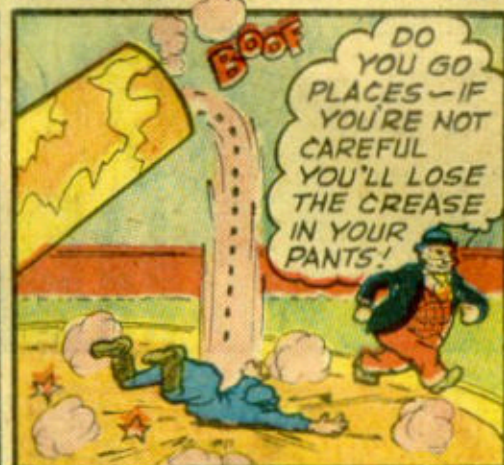
AND IN ANOTHER HOUR.....

~IF YOU HEAR WILD STORIES ABOUT A SUPER-DEMON FIGHTING THE **BAND**, PAY NO ATTENTION! **IT'S ME!**

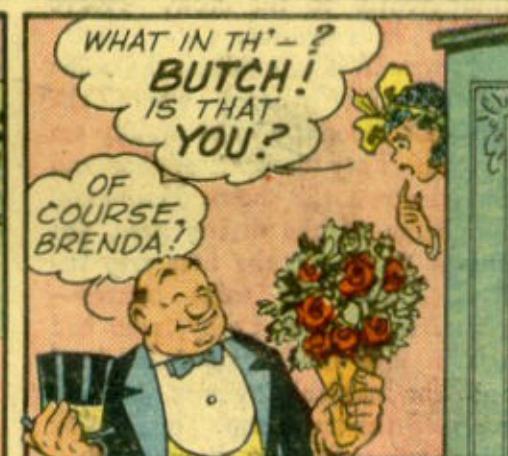


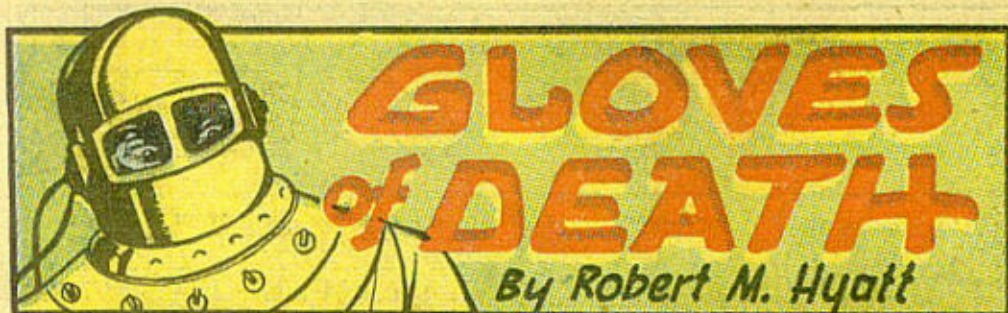
BIG TOP

THE HUMAN BULLET



BIG TOP





Ferguson, chief of the Catalina Junior Divers, tapped the scarred top of his desk and frowned.

"Boys," he said, "we're in a spot. Either we've got to find out what killed these chaps, or fold the outfit. In fact, the Coast Guard has given those orders already."

"But we're hardly under way!" exclaimed Bat Forbes, one of the members of the unique diving organization. "If we give up now—"

"I haven't said we're going to give up," interposed Ferguson quietly. "It's only that we can't go on having men killed under water by—whatever it is."

Hap Hanson, youngest of the outfit, piped up with, "We'll find out—even if we never salvage the *Katy D.* Why can't we—"

Ferguson halted him. "There's just a chance," he stated, "that

we'll solve the mystery tomorrow. I've asked Perry Scott, a marine specialist, to sail with us. If anyone can crack the puzzle, he can."

Perry Scott came aboard the amateur divers' small sloop just before sailing time next morning. Most of the youths had heard of young Scott's daring exploits in nautical crime solution all over the world. Now he was going to pit his super cunning against an under-sea killer that had everybody baffled and which had taken the lives of three robust youths in two weeks. Would Scott be successful?

They didn't cast off immediately and Perry looked quizzically at Ferguson. "Have to wait for the harbor pilot," he informed him. "Ah, there he comes now."

A dinghy was being rowed rapidly across the calm water of the bay, and in a moment a thick-set man climbed aboard, nodding indifferently to the crew. "Heave away!" he sang out.

It was an hour's sail to the point around the Isthmus where the *Katy D.* reposed on the muddy sea bottom. They dropped anchor and pulled down the sheets. Hannason, in charge of the diving gear, got things ready for the first trip below. There was some banter—rather serious—as Colby, who had drawn first dive, slipped his head into the makeshift helmet. Johnson manned the air pump. Then Colby slipped overside and disappeared.

The water is remarkably clear around Catalina Island. One can see bottom clearly even at thirty feet. A forest of weed hid the half-buried hulk of the *Katy D.* They saw Colby touch bottom and begin making his way toward the wreck, his feet stirring up plumes of mud-smoke which presently obliterated him from view.

Perry Scott watched intently the movements below. Then Colby signalled to be pulled up.

"All quiet down there," he re-

ported. "The others have cut almost through the weed; I think a half hour's chopping will do the trick . . . who's turn now?"

"Mine." Hap Hanson stepped forward and began rubbing grease on his face preparatory to slipping the odd helmet on.

The mud-smoke had risen close to the surface, still shrouding the bottom, but by now the area immediately below the mud-smoke would be glass clear. Hap searched through the gear a moment. "Wonder where my gloves are?" he said.

"Take mine, Hap," said Hackett the harbor pilot. He held out a pair of white leather gloves. The youth was reaching for them when Colby, ransacking the gear box, said, "Here's yours, Hap," and handed over the missing gauntlets.

Perry wondered a bit about that offer of gloves from the surly pilot. He imagined he had read a strange look in the man's narrow-



set eyes; but he could have been mistaken.

Hap stayed down a good half hour. When he came up he said, "Well, I hacked through to the wheel house. Air was getting a bit stale." To Ferguson he said, "I'm not certain but I thought I saw something down there, just a quick flash, then it was gone. Shark I'd say."

Ferguson shook his head. "Never heard of one around here. Of course—"

"How about a manta?" said Perry.

"Not the right shape," Hap informed him. "This chap was long, narrow—might have been a seal."

It was Johnson's turn. Before he had dipped into the grease pot, however, Perry Scott stepped forward. "Let me do this trick," he



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said. To the pilot he said: "Mind if I borrow those gloves? I have a bandaged thumb, and I'm afraid the other chaps' mitts will be too small."

Hackett handed the white gauntlets over, but there was a momentary reluctance in the act. Perry slipped his hands into them and stepped overside.

"Almost forgot," he said to himself. He made his way back to the spot where he had first touched bottom, then struck off to the left a few paces. Presently he came to a small black box on a tripod. He made a few adjustments, snapped a switch, and saluted the machine with a jaunty wave of the hand. He backed away, keeping in line with the single eye of the thing grinding away in front of him.



Ten feet off he halted and began waving his hands.

There was a sudden commotion a few fathoms to his right. The water churned and swirled and he could feel the agitation. Then a great dark shape shot out of the heaving water on his right and torpedoed toward him. With one motion he jerked the gloves off and backed away. The gloves remained directly in front of him, not sinking, and as he backed off they followed, drawn by the suction of his motion.

"Hm!" he said, "didn't foresee this one. Gotta make it snappy." He practically leaped backward. As he did so the monstrous thing struck. A vast mouth gulped the gloves, then the creature was gone, in a swirling arc.

Once more on board, Perry reported that he had lost the gloves, but that he intended to go down again. "I think I found something," he told Ferguson.

"What?" asked the chief, interestedly.

"Don't know yet." He hurried to the wheel house and rummaged through his gear. He came out on deck with a strange looking weapon. "Sub-sea rifle," he told the crew. Then he slipped on the helmet and went over the side, this time without any gloves.

A moment later there was a swirl and the great shape darted toward him. He tossed the gloves away from him and grasped the rifle firmly. When the beast shot down for the gloves, he fired ten rounds of explosive bullets into its dark body. Blood spurted, turning the sea red for a moment.

When the water had cleared, he approached the inert body of the creature. It was a huge barracuda, tiger of the sea, man killer!

He went back to the black box, shut it off, and gathered it up. Then he signalled to be lifted.

Wide eyes greeted him on deck. They had all seen the blood; thought he had been attacked. Perry shook his head, grinning. "But I've found your killer," he stated. "He's lying down there now. He can't get away. This little box," he explained, "is an undersea camera; it got quite a movie of everything that happened down there."

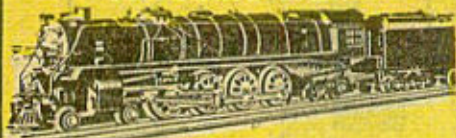
"Look out!" Johnson cried. But young Hanson had been too quick. With a short-arm jab he knocked Hackett to the deck. The pilot had a snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

Perry grinned. "He's the one," he said. "Been checking on him for some time. Works for a big salvage outfit in Pedro; they've been wanting to chase you guys off because there's a lot of gold aboard the *Katy D*. You probably didn't know that."

Ferguson shook his head excitedly. "Of course not. We thought it contained only some good diving gear."

"Uh-huh," said Perry. "Well, I checked on all this a week ago. Got the low-down on Hackett. When you see this film you'll have the complete story. The day be-

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fore yesterday I came out here and set up this camera so it would be ready for the job. I think that job is filled."

"Yes—but—" Ferguson was fumbling. "You say barracuda. But I can't understand. A barracuda wouldn't hang around hours at a time, waiting, as it were—"

"No," replied Perry Scott. "It wouldn't—unless it couldn't get away. You see, Hackett and his mob had somehow captured the 'cuda. They had him anchored down there with a heavy chain around the neck. Clever, I'd say!"


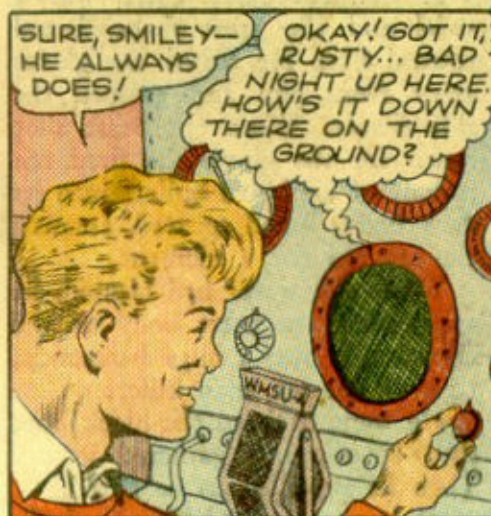
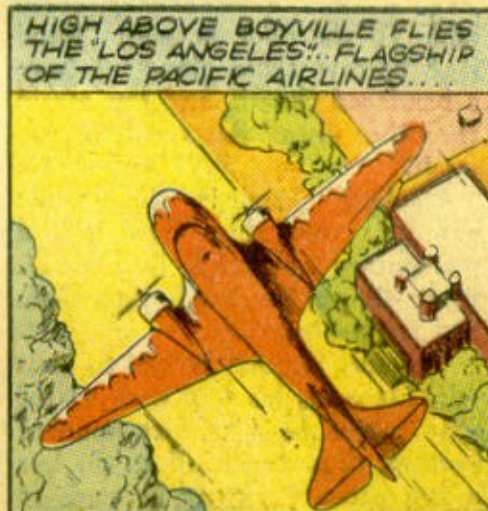
"But why," Ferguson demanded, "did the thing attack only three of the gang?"

"That's easy," Perry told him. "A 'cuda will strike anything that's bright—like white gloves. Didn't all the victims wear 'em? Hackett would hide the gloves and offer a pair of white ones. I found several pairs in his chest."

**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT in
MEDITERRANEAN MADNESS
IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF
FEATURE / On Sale
COMICS / NOVEMBER 22ND**

RUSTY RYAN OF BOYVILLE

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

SMILEY/CALL WSSM AT SALT LAKE CITY...NOTIFY THEM OF THE POSITION! I'M GETTING SOME FELLOWS TOGETHER TO GO OUT TO THAT PLANE!

OKAY!

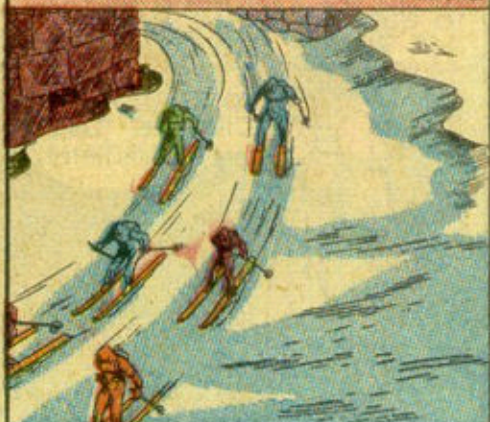


HEY! THE LOS ANGELES JUST CRACKED UP WEST OF MOOSE LAKE! GRAB YOUR SKIS AND C'MON!

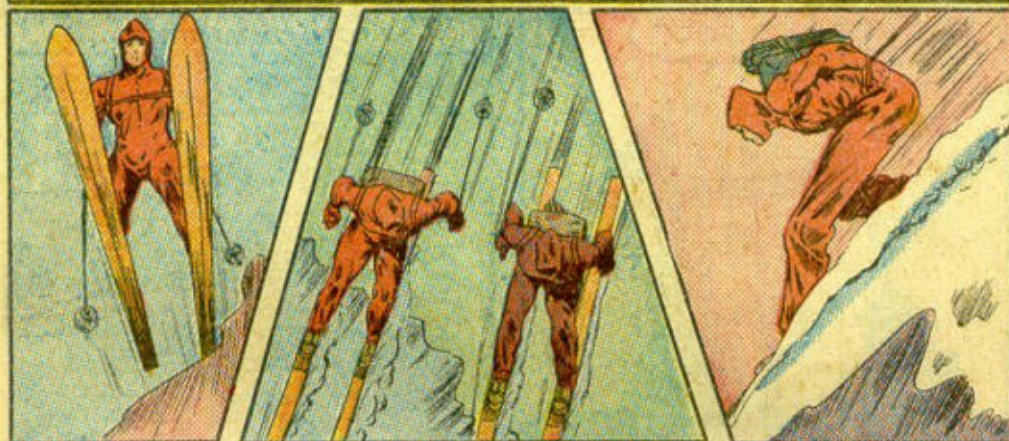
LOOKS LIKE A BLIZZARD IS BLOWIN' UP TOO!



AND A LITTLE LATER A SKI PATROL LEAVES BOYVILLE, HEADED FOR THE LOST PLANE



THEN FOLLOWS GRUELLING TRAVEL THROUGH SNOW, SLEET AND BITTER COLD... BUT THE BOYS MEET THE MANLY TEST...



WE SHOULD BE NEARING IT NOW...



THERE'S THE PLANE!! AND I CAN SEE SOMEBODY MOVING...THERE'S A FIRE!



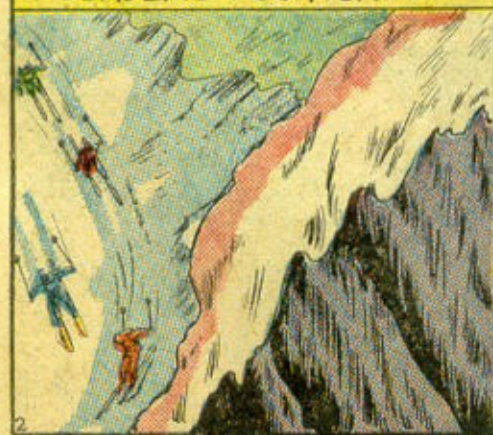
BUT, AS THE PARTY ZOOMS DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE, A TREACHEROUS GORGE APPEARS JUST BEFORE THEM....



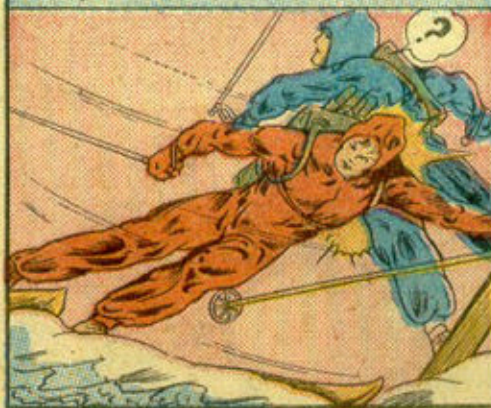
LOOK OUT!! PULL UP... PULL UP!! GORGE AHEAD! HEADS UP!



RUSTY ZOOMS INTO THE LEADER'S POSITION....



...AND LIKE A STREAK, HE BODY-CHECKS A BOY WHO IS HEADED FOR THE CHASM....



WOW! I STOPPED YOU JUST IN TIME, BOB!

I'LL SAY YOU DID, RUSTY!





WE'LL HAVE TO SKIRT THIS GORGE NOW TO GET TO THE PLANE!

RUSTY! I'LL BET THIS IS MOOSE LAKE GORGE, THAT CAPPY TOLD US ABOUT. IT'S 20 MILES LONG AND CIRCLES THE MOUNTAIN!



HMM—IT WOULD TAKE US TEN HOURS TO GO THAT WAY!

MAYBE WE SHOULD LET THE PEOPLE AT THE PLANE KNOW WE'RE HERE...



HELLOOOO!

S-SAY... LOOK! SOMEBODY'S COME TO HELP US!



YEAH—TWO OF THE PASSENGERS ARE BADLY HURT... AND THE REST OF US ARE HALF FROZEN!

IT'LL BE TEN HOURS BEFORE WE CAN ENCIRCLE THIS GORGE AND REACH YOU!



WHAT? WE'LL NEVER LAST THAT LONG AS WE ARE NOW... OUR CLOTHES AND FOOD ARE.....



BUT THE WORDS DIE OUT AS A TERRIFIC GALE WHIPS UP SLEET AND SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.....



IT'S THAT BLIZZARD—IT'S STARTED!

WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP THEM, RUSTY? AND IT'LL GET 20 MORE DEGREES COLDER!



GIVE ME YOUR LONG ROPE, CHUCK... I'VE AN IDEA!

OKAY—TAKE IT!



YOU FELLOWS HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR END—THAT'S ALL!

I HOPE THIS WORKS, RUSTY!



OKAY!! I'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES... JUST KEEP CLEAR OF THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE, FELLOWS!



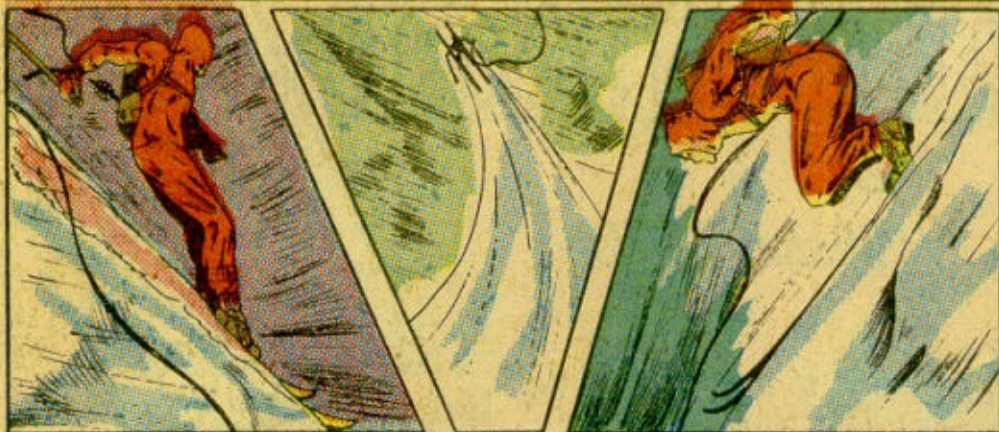
H-H-E'S GOIN' UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

YEAH! HE'S GONNA JUMP THE GORGE... AN' TAKE THE ROPE WITH HIM!



HMM... I'D BETTER NOT MISS!

RUSTY WHEELS AROUND ON THE STEEP SLOPE AND STARTS BACK DOWN... HIS SPEED INCREASES TILL HE FLIES LIKE A BULLET...



JUMPIN' HOP-TOADS! THAT FELLOW'S GOING TO TRY JUMPING THAT CHASM... IT'S 50 FEET EASY!... AND SUICIDE!



GOOD LUCK, RUSTY!



WOW! I MADE IT BY INCHES!! WHEW....



H'YA HANK! HERE... GIVE THIS BEEF BROTH TO THE OTHERS.. WHILE I FIX THINGS UP HERE... THEN HAVE EVERYBODY COME UP THIS WAY....



THEN, FASTENING THE ROPE ON HIS SIDE OF THE GORGE, RUSTY TIES PASSENGERS TO HIMSELF AND FERRIES THEM OVER.....



SMILEY-I'LL GO BACK AND GET THE SCHOOL SLEIGH TO HAUL 'EM... GET THEM DOWN TO THAT MAIN ROAD... MEET ME THERE!

RIGHT...

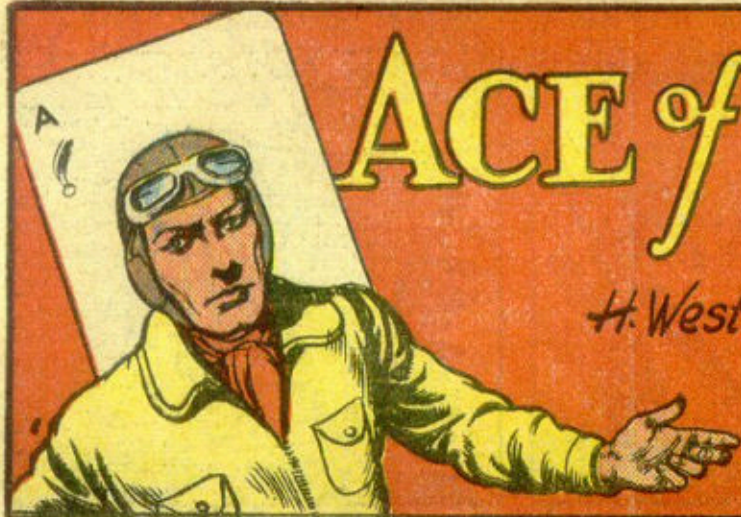


SAY! DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER GET TIRED? LOOKIT HIM GO NOW... IT MUSTA TAKEN HIM A DOZEN YEARS TO LEARN TO SKI LIKE THAT!



NO... NOT THAT LONG, MISTER... RUSTY'S ONLY SIXTEEN NOW! WHAT?? WHY I NEVER SAW HIS FACE TILL JUST NOW, AND UNDER HIS HOOD ... BUT I'D SWEAR THAT RADIO OPERATOR I ALWAYS SPOKE TO, WAS AT LEAST 40!

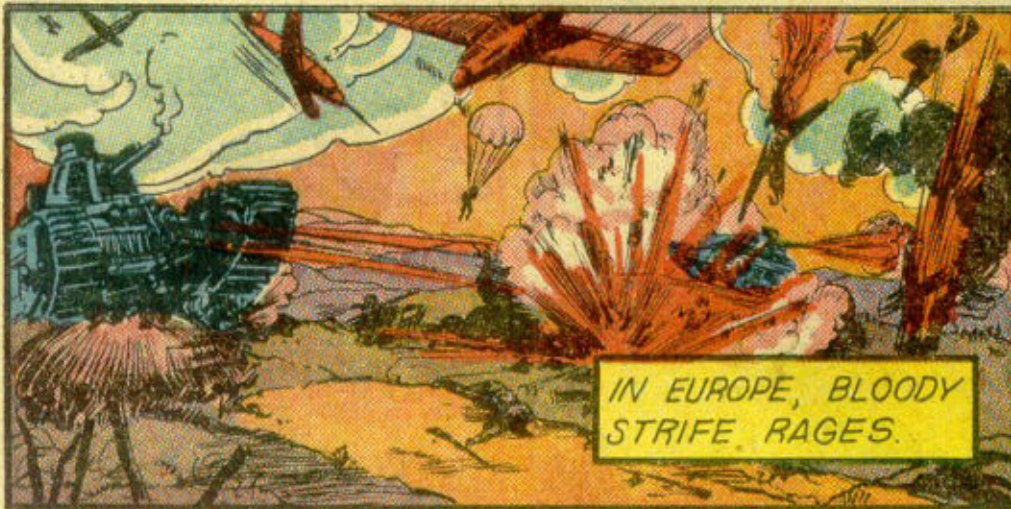




ACE of SPACE

by
H. Weston Taylor

ACE EGAN IS THE POSSESSOR OF A BELT FROM ANOTHER PLANET—ALSO A SPACE SHIP... WITH THE WEIRD POWERS GIVEN HIM BY THE BELT, HE FIGHTS FOR HUMANITY.



IN EUROPE, BLOODY STRIFE RAGES.

AND EACH WARRING NATION WANTS ONE THING—OUR HELP

IF WE COULD ONLY GET THE U.S. IN ON OUR SIDE!



AND, IN ANOTHER CAPITAL...

THEY WILL BE FIGHTING FOR US IN 60 DAYS! IT IS ARRANGED!



OUTRAGEOUS! LOOKS LIKE THE SPECIAL FOREIGN COMMITTEE'S GONE CRAZY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, ACE?

AND IN ACE EGAN'S CLUB, WHERE HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS A PLAYBOY



THINK OF WHAT?

WHY~THE PRESIDENT'S NEW COMMITTEE ON THE WAR SITUATION IS SWINGING TOWARD THE DICTATORS!



A BREAK WITH THE ALLIES SEEMS UNAVOIDABLE NOW!

BUT WHY?



THAT'S WHAT NOBODY KNOWS~IT'S INSANE!

THE ACE OF SPACE SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS!

MAYBE HE WILL!



IT *SURE* DOESN'T ADD UP ~ WHY THE COMMITTEE'S CHANGE OF POLICY, SMITH?



BLAST IT, THEY DONT EVEN ACT LIKE THE *SAME* MEN, ACE!



I *WONDER* IF ACE IS THE *IDLER* HE *SEEMS* TO BE!



30 MINUTES LATER-ACE'S HOME

JENNINGS, I'M GOING TO MY ROOM ~ *DON'T DISTURB ME!*



WITH THIS BELT ON, I CAN DO *ANYTHING!*



ON A PORCH ADJOINING HIS ROOM, ACE PUTS ON HIS BELT OF POWER ~

~AND BECOMES A 9 FOOT GIANT

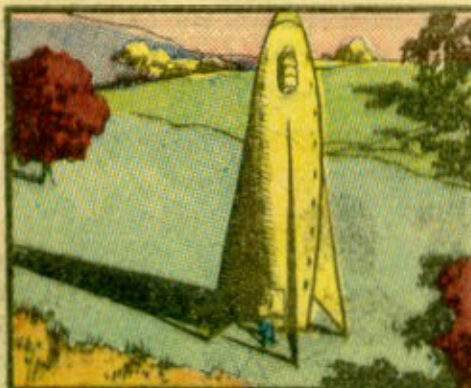
SO THAT'S IT! I'M HEADING FOR THE SPACE SHIP AND *WASHINGTON!*



IT'S A *FIENDISHLY* CLEVER TRICK, BUT IT WON'T WORK!



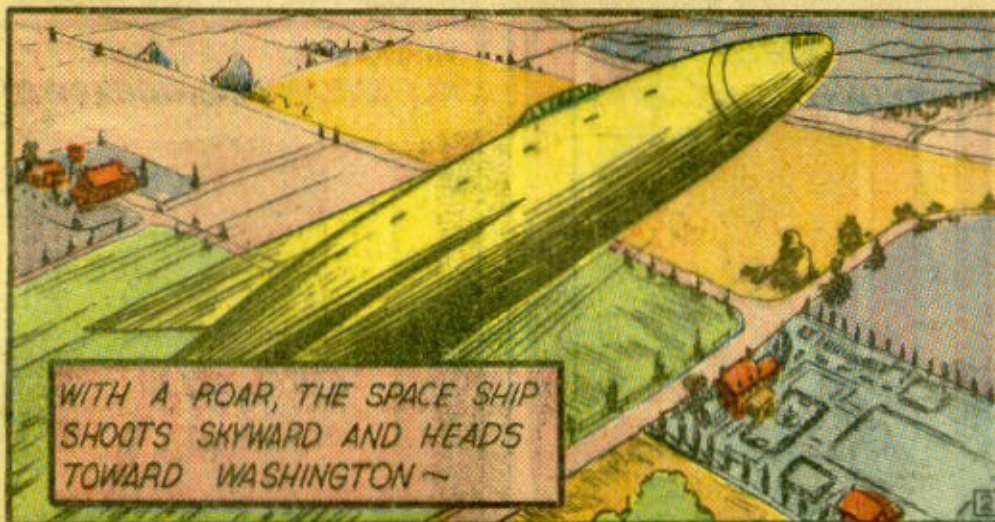
HE LEAPS TOWARD HIS NOW INVISIBLE SPACE SHIP



HE TOUCHES A BUTTON AND THE STRANGE CRAFT APPEARS

MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON, THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE MEETS

WILL HE SIGN IT?

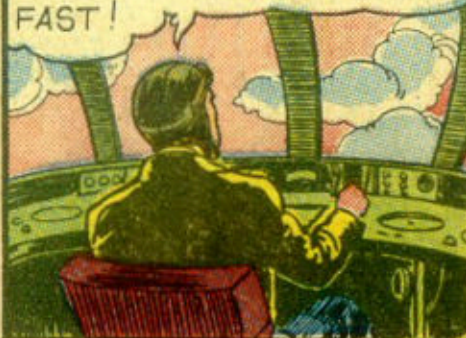


WITH A ROAR, THE SPACE SHIP SHOOT'S SKYWARD AND HEADS TOWARD WASHINGTON ~

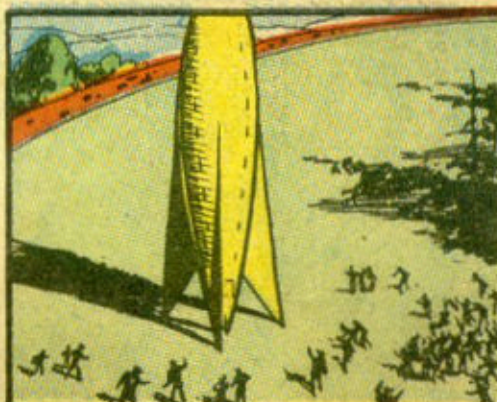
IN 15 MINUTES HE WILL BE HERE..AND TOMORROW~
WAR FOR AMERICA!



SO TELEPATHY'S ONE OF MY POWERS! I KNOW THAT TREATY WILL BE SIGNED IN 15 MINUTES. GOT TO WORK FAST!



THE SHIP DROPS TO EARTH NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE



AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.



THIS IS THE QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

NO VISITORS~ SAY, WHO ARE YOU?



I'M NO VISITOR!



THEY'RE MEETING IN THAT ROOM~



~ON THE 2ND. FLOOR...



HERE GOES!



PARDON MY INFORMALITY, YOU SNEAKY IMPOSTERS!





WE'RE LEAVING! AN OUTRAGE.

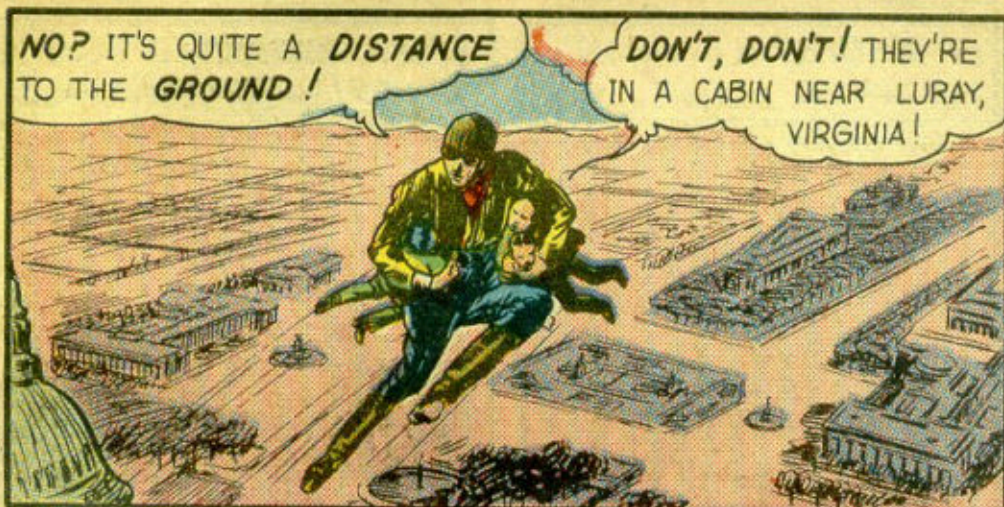
HELP!

YOU'RE~



YES~I'M THE ACE OF SPACE! WHERE ARE THE REAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS?

I WON'T TELL!



NO? IT'S QUITE A DISTANCE TO THE GROUND!

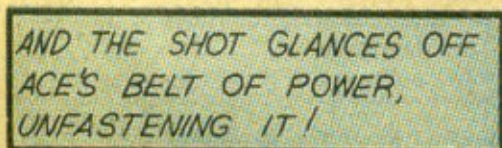
DON'T, DON'T! THEY'RE IN A CABIN NEAR LURAY, VIRGINIA!

MEANWHILE~AT THE WHITE HOUSE



BANG!

DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL HIT THE WRONG ONE!



AND THE SHOT GLANCES OFF ACE'S BELT OF POWER, UNFASTENING IT!



FASTER AND FASTER ACE DROPS EARTHWARD...THE PRECIOUS BELT FALLING BELOW HIM



HE'S SHRUNK!

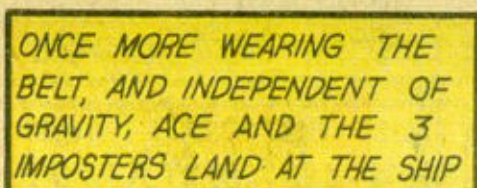
WE'RE FALLING!



IF I CAN ONLY CATCH UP TO IT IN TIME!



GOT IT!



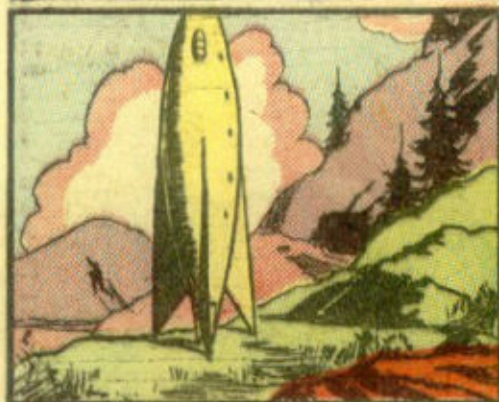
ONCE MORE WEARING THE BELT, AND INDEPENDENT OF GRAVITY, ACE AND THE 3 IMPOSTERS LAND AT THE SHIP

ACE MAKES THE SHIP VISIBLE



A MIRACLE! GET IN AND SHUT UP!

10 MINUTES LATER, THE SHIP
COMES TO REST NEAR LURAY VA.



NOW, WHERE'S THAT CABIN?



LEAVING 2 OF THE IMPOSTERS
LOCKED IN THE SPACE SHIP..

THANK HEAVEN!

THE ACE
OF SPACE!



..... ACE FINDS
THE REAL COMMITTEE...

YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO
WASHINGTON FAST. THESE
BIRDS JUST ABOUT HAVE US
IN A WAR!



15 MINUTES LATER, AT
THE WHITE HOUSE

HERE YOU ARE!



STOP! WE WANT TO TALK
TO YOU!

WHO ARE.....

NOT TODAY...

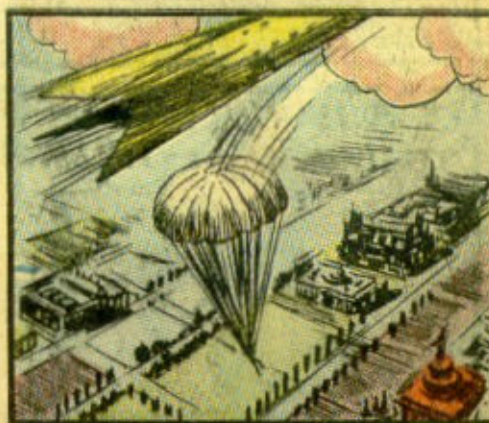


AN HOUR LATER, THE SPACE
SHIP IS OVER THE ATLANTIC,
NEARING EUROPE.

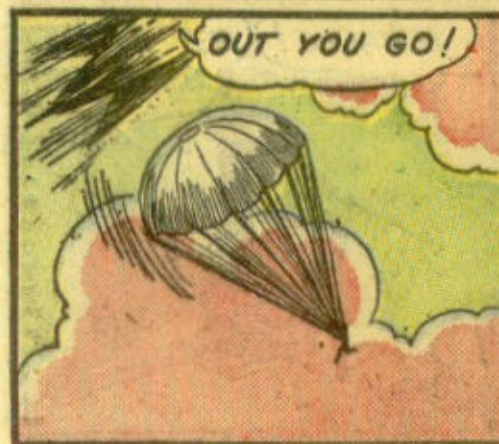
I'VE A **SURPRISE** FOR
YOUR **BOSSSES!**



OVER ONE DICTATOR CAPITAL...



AND ANOTHER ~ ~ ~



AND IN THE THIRD CAPITAL

I MUST SEE THE
**GRAND LEADER, AT
ONCE!**

THAT
TAG?



WHAT IS **THIS?** "RETURNED
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
THE **ACE OF SPACE!**"



REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by ART DIAMOND



NESTLED HIGH IN THE HILLS, THE TOWN OF RED ROCK IS IN AN UPROAR AS A SCOURGE OF WITCHCRAFT LEAVES DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE—THE PEOPLE RISE IN FURY TO STAMP OUT THOSE WHO DABBLE IN DEMONS AND SPIRITS...

THOSE WHO WORK FOR THE DEVIL, INJURE CHILDREN, AND CAST ILLNESS ON OUR HOMES, MUST NOT LIVE A MINUTE LONGER!

SHELBY, THE TOWN MARSHAL, ADDRESSES THE PEOPLE....

WE'VE GOT TO ROUND THEM UP—SO FAR, WE'VE CAUGHT THREE WOMEN WITCHES AND WHEN THEY CONFESS, WE'LL GET MORE!

A FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS....



AS SHE WENDS HER WAY HOME.....



I SUPPOSE I'M NEXT—HEH—HEH!

AT MOUNTIE HEADQUARTERS.....



WITCHCRAFT IN OUR AGE?...IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S FANTASTIC...YOUR CASE, SERGEANT-HOP TO IT!

YES SIR!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, A FIGURE STEALS TOWARD THE OLD HAG'S SHACK...



IF ANYONE SEES ME—I'M LOST!

MOTHER—QUICK! YOU MUST HELP ME!



SHELBY!! YOU WANT HELP FROM A WITCH? HA-HA-HA-HA!!

IT'S MY CHILD—HE'S STRUGGLING WITH THE DEMONS... DOCTORS HAVE FAILED—ONLY YOU CAN GIVE HIM THE DEMON'S CURE!



I'LL DO WHAT I CAN—BUT FIRST, SIT DOWN!

ON THE WITCH'S ORDER, SHELBY BARES HIS ARM—SUDDENLY SHE PRICKS IT WITH A NEEDLE.....



THEN SHE PRICKS HER OWN ARM.....



THEN, TELL ME WHO IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT RACKET... YOU AND THE OTHERS, WHO ARE TAKING OVER THE RANCHES OF THE CONDEMNED WOMEN!



NOW I'LL BE SURE YOU WON'T TURN THE PEOPLE AGAINST ME! IF THEY KNEW YOU HAD A MEETING WITH A WITCH, YOU'D BURN—

NO ONE WILL KNOW! COME... MY CHILD...!!



LATER—AT SHELBY'S HOME....



SO THAT'S IT—THE FOOLS!!



FROM THE NEXT ROOM A FIGURE SILENTLY WATCHES...



WHEN SHELBY IS CALLED IN.....



LOOK! MY CHILD'S SAVED... GO NOW, WITCH—OUR BARGAIN IS DONE!!



SHE IS A REAL WITCH, SERGEANT REYNOLDS—BUT THE TOWNSFOLK MUST NEVER KNOW!

A REAL WITCH, EH? I WONDER!



REYNOLDS FOLLOWS THE OLD WITCH TO HER HOME.....



SUDDENLY SEVERAL FORMS LEAP OUT FROM THE BUSHES....



REYNOLDS FIGHTS VALIANTLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS....



THAT GOT 'IM!
OH-H!



BOYS! LOOK - IT'S THE WITCH! GRAB HER!



AS THE MEN RUSH AT THE OLD CRONE, SHE RAISES HER ARMS AT THEM.... FLAMES AND BLUE LIGHTS SHOOT OUT AT THE MEN, THROWING THEM INTO PANIC.....



HEH-HEH! LOOK AT THEM RUN...HMM - THE MOUNTIES' OUT COLD!



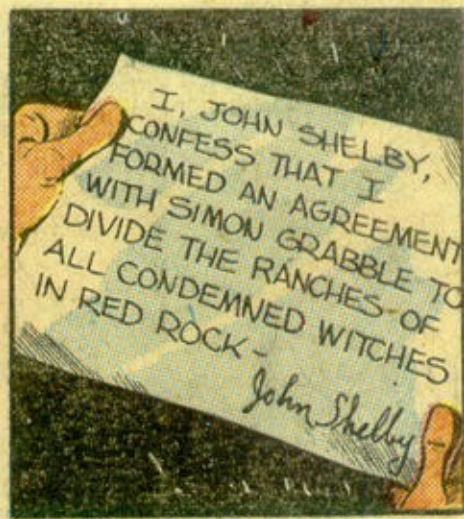
NEXT MORNING -

OW - MY HEAD! GREAT SCOTT!! I'M IN THE WITCH'S CABIN!



REYNOLDS LOOKS AROUND THE CABIN.... HE FINDS A BOOK.....

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND - WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR... A NOTE!



I, JOHN SHELBY, CONFESS THAT I FORMED AN AGREEMENT WITH SIMON GRABBLE TO DIVIDE THE RANCHES OF ALL CONDEMNED WITCHES IN RED ROCK -

John Shelby



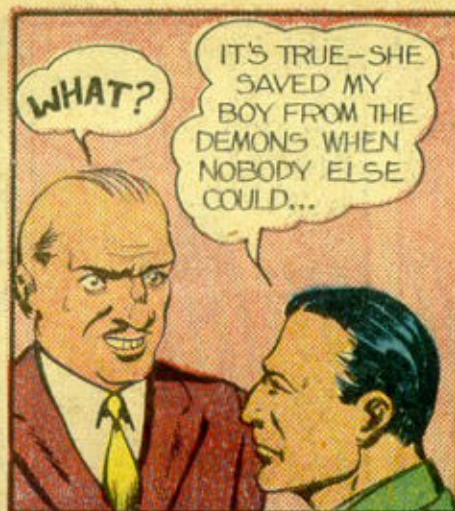
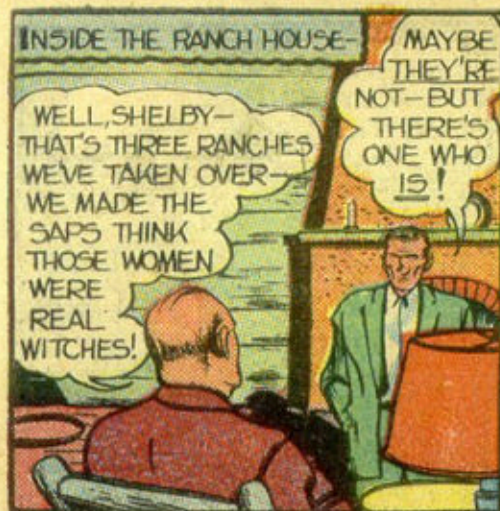
SO! SIMON GRABBLE, THE RICHEST MAN IN THESE PARTS, IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT SCARE, EH? TAKING RANCHES OF INNOCENT WIDOWS AND MAKING THE TOWNSFOLK THINK THEY'RE WITCHES!

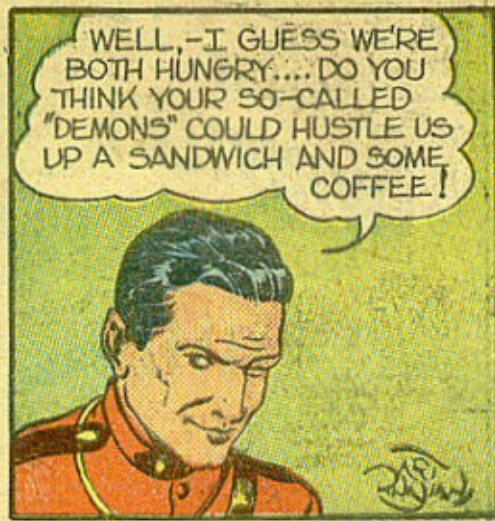
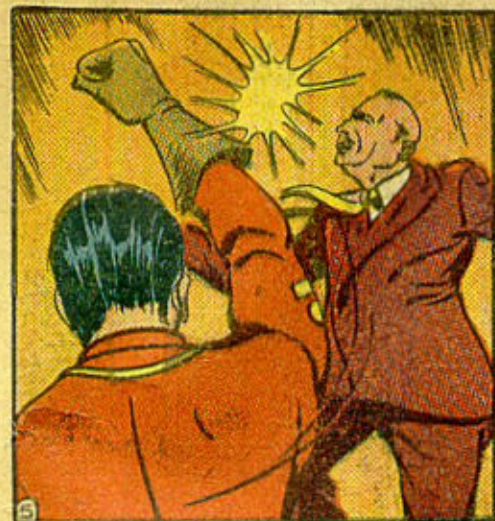


BUT WHERE'S THE OLD WITCH WHO SAVED ME? ... GUESS SHE'LL TURN UP AGAIN... NOW TO CALL ON SIMON GRABBLE!!



THERE'S GRABBLE'S RANCH.... I'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN SOMETHING FIRST!





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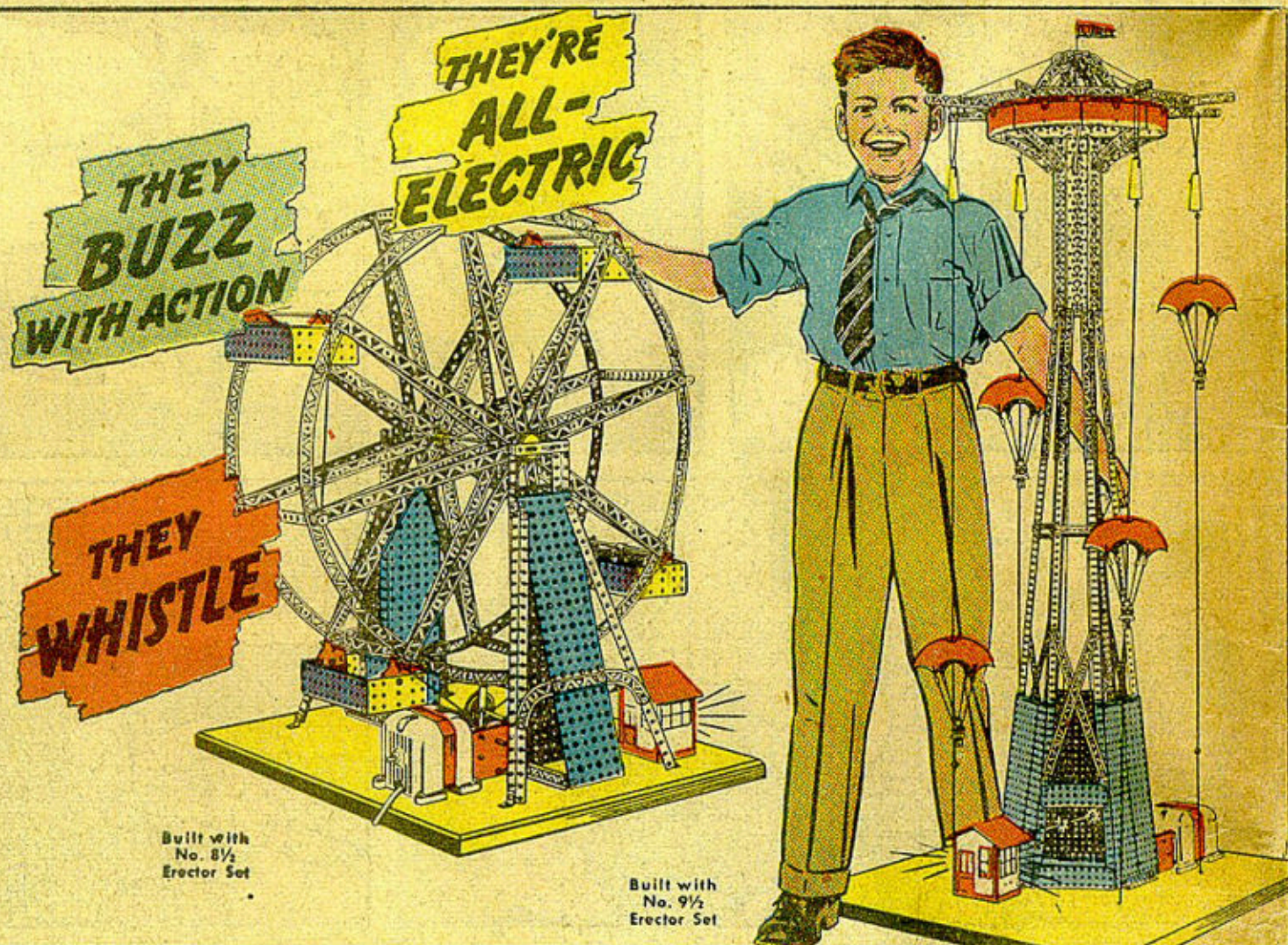
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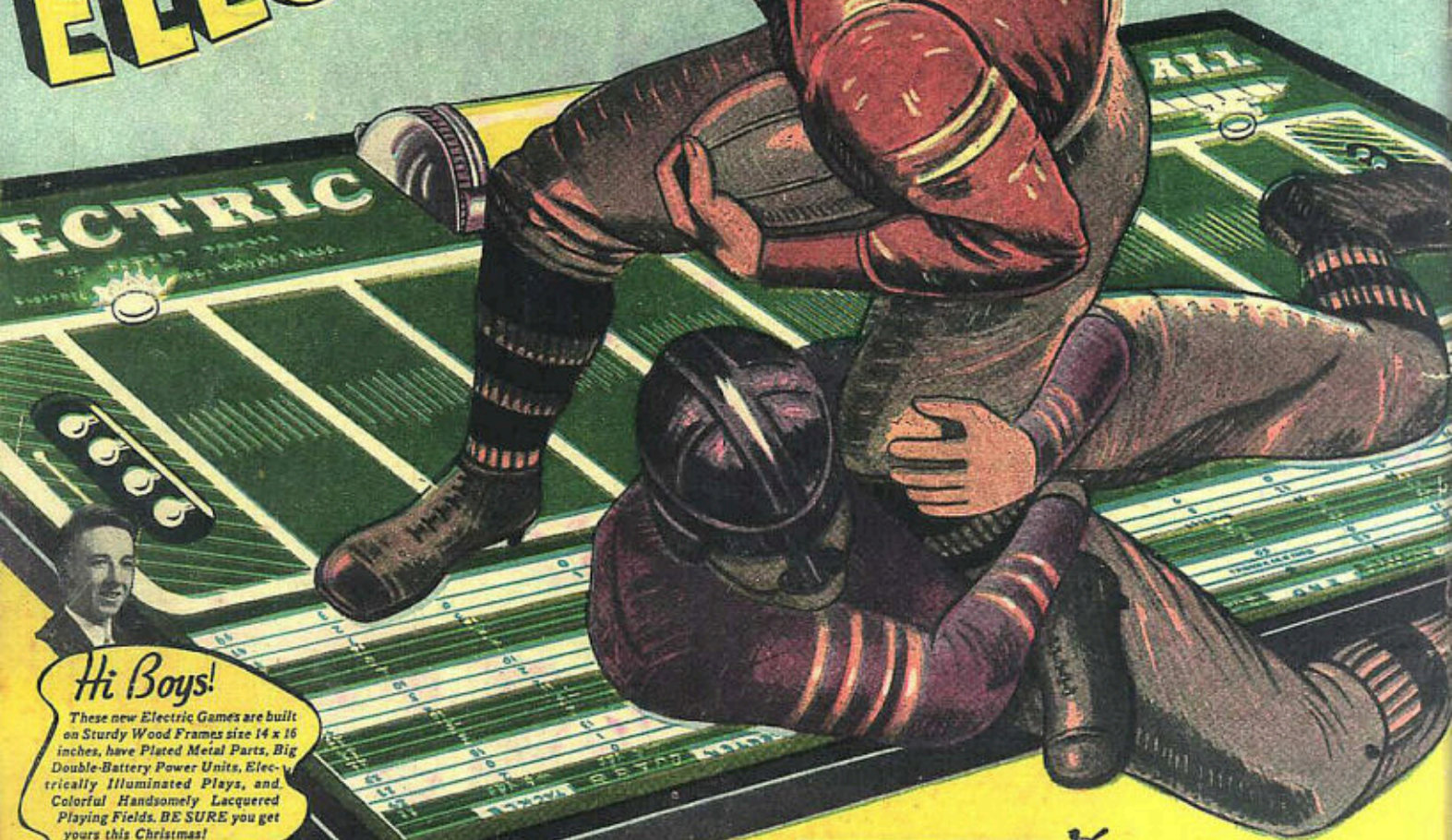
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OVER For a TOUCHDOWN!

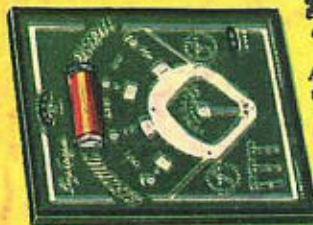
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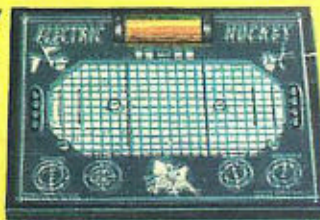
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